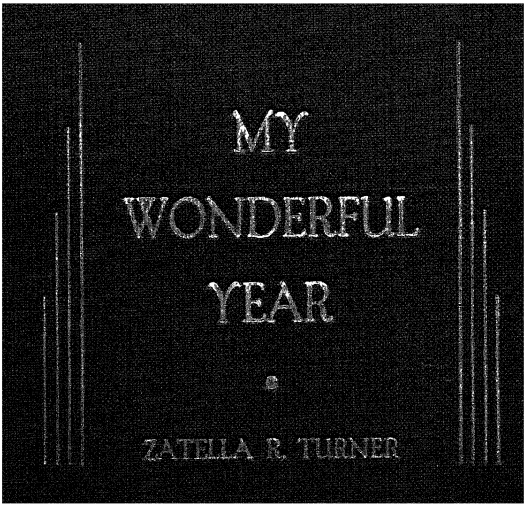
MY
WONDERFUL
YEAR
ZATELLA R. TURNER

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MY WONDERFUL YEAR

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL LONDON

MY WONDERFUL YEAR

BY

ZATELLA R. TURNER

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Boston, U. S. A.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO MY FAMILY
AND THE MEMBERS OF
ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA SORORITY

Author's Note

I do not pretend that this book is authentically informing. It is a record of the impressions made upon me during my year abroad, a year that I can truthfully call the most wonderful year of my life. This book is intended to be entertaining for the person who has no intention of ever going abroad, but who is interested in the people and customs of other countries. An authentic guide book is recommended for those persons who wish authoritative information. Many thanks are due my dear friends Carolyn S. Blanton, who is my ideal of the true spirit of the sisterhood of Alpha Kappa Alpha, and Dorothea A. Jermany for her helpful criticism in the preparation of this manuscript.

America for Me

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

—*Henry Van Dyke*

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

PREFACE

It is over a century since Mrs. Trollope widened knowledge of the world and exercised the privilege of sharp criticism with her *The Domestic Manners of the Americans;* and it is just under a century since Dickens followed her severely with his *American Notes.* Since then the Atlantic has been crossed many times, from east to west and then from west to east, with issues of transatlantic comment and criticism. Peoples nearly related are usually frankest in expression, and the very closeness and likeness of the two English-speaking nations has inspired in them a desire to write about each other with a candour of remark. Sometimes the books have been acid in criticism, sometimes almost fulsome in praise; sometimes the writers have been most intelligent in observation and sometimes quite lacking in understanding, and showing more malice or jealousy than accuracy.

Taking them altogether, one finds them almost a literature. At least they have carried on the long-known literature of travel, with the addition of social criticism and racial comparisons. Someone might with profit—or at least with interest—trace the fluctuations of opinion and of intelligence, through these years of international visiting and recording the results of visits. In this time international travelers have improved as travelers.

One need only read Frances Trollope to see what kind of improvement was necessary. One still, to be sure, may meet the tourist who considers everything unpleasant which does not correspond to what he possesses at home—and condemns it. The American of a type is annoyed because he does not find the United States in England; and the Englishman is sometimes disapproving when he discovers that the States have gradually grown away from Old World needs and customs.

But such commentators, even oral commentators, are fewer than they were in other times. At least we know many books on our own country, written with such urbanity and graciousness that we feel more pleased both with ourselves and with our British visitors when we read them. For no pen can compass urbanity and grace better than a British one can. It is gratifying and reassuring when we find the same pleasantness in an American book about England, as we do in this one of Miss Turner's.

There are two kinds of books about England. Some are written chiefly to remind readers of their own happy experiences in Great Britain, or to parallel and verify the knowledge they already have derived from English literature; others are for those who have never crossed the ocean, but have a pleasant and wholesome curiosity regarding British ways and sights. Miss Turner's book is of this kind. She went to England an impressionable stranger, ready for a whole experience of the world she had known in literature. That experience she has recorded as amply as her space permitted, and with an explicitness and clearness to make good reading

for anyone. She has given a general impression and at the same time has not despised small details or customary daily performance. Through it all she has conveyed the enjoyment and gratification the year afforded her. It is pleasant to read of so happy a year.

On one point Miss Turner is especially to be commended, and that is the courtesy of her manner. So many have written superciliously or pertly about England, sometimes with more egotism than real observation, that it is a special merit to carry politeness all through the account. One can see that England has had an agreeable visitor, who has appreciated to the full the charms and hospitality of the older country.

Margaret Lynn

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My Wonderful Year

CHAPTER I

Life on Shipboard

My first big thrill of the anticipated trip to Europe came on December 30, 1934, when the members of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority were guests of the N.B.C. Studios in New York City, and I heard my name broadcast as the recipient of the Fourth Alpha Kappa Alpha Foreign Fellowship.

With a very happy heart, I left my home Kansas City, Kansas for New York City on September 15, 1935, accompanied by my mother and my cousin, who were more thrilled than I, for they were going to see the World's largest ship, while I was going to make that ship my home for several days, but a home that might not be very pleasant, for lurking in the recesses of my mind was the dread thought of seasickness.

If I had any fear about going so far away from my family and friends, it was immediately dispelled when I walked into my cabin on September 24, and found flowers, telegrams, letters, and gifts.

The *Normandie* is the world's largest and fastest ship. It can accommodate two thousand passengers and has a crew of thirteen hundred. For entertain-

ment one can find almost as many pleasures as there are in a big city—concerts in the grand salon, bridge tournaments, cinemas, mechanical horse races, a night club in the café grill, a library with books in all languages, shops, a game room, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a lounge, a sun deck, and for one's more meditative moods, a chapel.

My cabin Number 828 had accommodations for three persons, but I was the sole occupant. The color scheme of green was very restful. For furnishings it contained two four poster beds, one upper bed, three wardrobes with full length mirrors on the doors, a writing desk, a book shelf over each bed, a wash bowl with numerous gadgets, two comfortable lounge chairs, one desk chair, a luxurious rug on the floor, and lights very conveniently arranged.

If you enjoy being catered to and waited upon, and I do, there are numerous people at your beck and call on shipboard. In fact they do not have to see your beck or hear your call. There is the cabin steward, who among other duties such as taking care of the cabin, brings you the daily paper, which is printed in both French and English. One does not have to lose contact with the outside world just because he is in mid-ocean. The femme de chambre or chambermaid offers any personal assistance one may desire. For me she arranged my flowers and turned down my bed each night. A petit garçon or young messenger boy, who is quite handsome in his uniform, is on duty in the corridor. I had nothing special for him to do, but he brought me some mail and a package one afternoon, and then it was my

turn to acknowledge his presence. Taking a bath on board ship is somewhat of a routine. One tells the femme de chambre at what hour one would like to bathe, then she tells the bath attendant who comes to tell you that the hour is convenient, and about five minutes before the hour he notifies you that your bath is ready. While on deck, a deck steward hovers about you. It is his delight to keep you well wrapped in your beautiful, wooly blanket. One is assigned a deck chair, for which one pays of course, and a blanket for the trip, so one may wrap up as comfortably as one wishes without feeling that he may be disturbed. But the nicest attendant of all, I think, is the dining room steward, who caters to one's every wish. Just the thought of the three daily visits to the dining room prevented my becoming seasick.

Boat passengers are not exposed to any unnecessary hazards. A life belt for each passenger is found in his cabin with directions for its use tacked on the door. The life boat and the seat number for each person are given in the list of directions. One of my first acts was to try on my life belt and locate my life boat. After that I had a feeling that all was well, and I was eager to participate in the pleasures of the voyage.

In order that one may at least know who his fellow travelers are, a list of the passengers is posted in the foyer by the elevator. Each passenger is also given a folder containing the list of passengers.

The first meal served on shipboard was lunch at 12 o'clock for which I was more than ready. I had

been too excited to eat breakfast; moreover one of the numerous precautions I had been given against seasickness was to forego breakfast on the morning of sailing. The appointments of the dining room were beautiful and inviting, cut flowers on the tables, crisp linen which is changed at every meal, faultless silver service, dining room stewards in tuxedos, and appetizing French foods. One's every wish is anticipated. One finds on his table at each meal a printed menu folder with some picture of French life on both the cover and the back. The menu is printed in French and English with a suggested menu. One has a choice of every course, and for one's tea it may be China, Ceylon, Orange Pekoe, Mint, Linden, Vervain, or Conomile. Sometimes I chose the selected menu and again I trusted to luck for the outcome of my selection. Fortunately I did not have the experience of the person who selected a meal from a French menu to find when the dishes were brought to him that he had all liquids. Here is a suggested menu.

Menu
Du
Mercredi 25 Septembre 1935
—Menu Suggestion—
Potage Dartois

Suprême de Turbot Montfermeil

Aubergines à la Provençale

Poularde du Mans Rôtie au Cresson
Pommes Fondantes

Salade

Bombe Suédoise
Langues-de-Chat

Corbeille de Fruits
S. S. "Normandie"
Classe Touriste

Breakfast is the informal sort of meal on shipboard that it is in most homes. It is served from 7 to 9. One sits wherever one chooses, but for lunch and dinner one has a special seat which is assigned by the maître de hôtel. These meals are served at noon and seven respectively. Tea is served on deck at 4 o'clock on individual trays. This special seat assures the dining room stewards that all of them will be remembered at the end of the voyage. My steward was trying to learn English and I was practising my college French, so my meals were interesting.

The one memorable night on shipboard is Gala night, which is held the night before the last night out. The dining room takes on a festive look, and paper hats, noise makers, serpentine, and jollity hold sway. The passengers are dressed in their best, the menu is more elaborate than ever, and everyone receives a souvenir from the captain of the ship. I am glad that my souvenir is one that I can keep, a leather billfold wih 'Normandie' stamped on it

in gold letters. After Gala night everyone begins to pack, for he knows he is near his journey's end, but I had done very little unpacking, for I wanted to be ready to debark at a moment's notice.

I enjoyed my first ocean trip immensely. I had neither a dull nor a sick moment crossing the Atlantic.

CHAPTER II

England

Although London was my destination, I first set foot upon foreign soil at Havre. The stormy weather prevented the tender's coming out to the *Normandie* at Southampton, so we were taken to Havre, France, the *Normandie's* berth, where I had my first experience boarding a moving train. My cosmetic case did not get stamped by the custom officer who inspected my baggage when I first went through the customs. I wavered for a moment between boarding the train and leaving the case, but since the case was a gift, I made a frantic effort to retain it. This experience drew heavily upon the tranquillity that I had stored up on shipboard. I did not have time to regain my composure before I arrived at Dieppe and was ushered aboard the cross channel steamer which took me to New Haven, England. I could have become seasick on this crossing if I had permitted myself to do so, but I refused to be defeated by the English channel when I had mastered the Atlantic. Arriving at New Haven there was only one more lap of the journey, the train ride to London.

Notwithstanding the fact that England is our mother country, one realizes immediately that the customs, habits, and points-of-view of the people are different. The Englishman likes seclusion and this

is noticed on the trains in England. The passengers, six or eight in number, are enclosed in compartments in double seats, facing one another with the aisle or corridor on the outside of the compartment. There is no car designated as a smoker, but the compartments are labeled "Smoking" or "No Smoking." The ventilation of the compartment is left to the discretion of the occupants, and before a change is made by an occupant he consults all the other persons in the compartment. One buys his railroad ticket for first, second, or third class. I learned that since the World War second class has been almost completely abolished, most persons purchasing tickets for third class. On the English train there is no news-agent passing back and forth, no restless passengers pacing up and down the aisle for water as there is no drinking fountain. Neither is there a porter or conductor calling every station in an unintelligible manner as each passenger is expected to know where he is going and the time of his arrival; moreover he can read the name of the station in large letters on the station platform before the train stops. There are no separate restrooms for men and women. The conductor is called the ticket inspector and one's ticket may be called for in one of three ways. It may be called for and collected as one boards the train, or when one arrives at his destination, or while enroute. Only passengers are allowed to board the train and in many places one must buy a ticket, usually costing five or ten cents in order to go down to the train platform. One may reserve his seat on the train by paying a shilling or quarter and thus be assigned

to his car, compartment, and seat. The dining car is not the diner, but the restaurant car. The dining steward comes around and gets the orders for the meal in advance, assigning you a seat for the first, second, or third call as you may wish. Of course tea is served at four o'clock and it may be taken in the restaurant car or in your compartment.

It was with a sigh of relief and with a tinge of disappointment that I arrived at Victoria Station. London has no imposing union station, but seven smaller stations located in the various boroughs of the city. At some time during my stay I made a trip from all seven stations: Victoria, Paddington, King's Cross, St. Pancras, Euston, Charing Cross, and Waterloo. At Victoria I was again exposed to the routine of the customs, but this was no ordeal as the luggage was placed alphabetically on the station platform and it was only necessary to take a custom officer to your initial and help him ferret out your luggage. With trembling hands I unlocked my trunk and bags and watched the officer inspect my belongings. I did not have to pay any tax. At last I was ready to seek College Hall, my home during my year in London.

I made the mistake of calling for a red cap, but I learned it was a porter that I wished, but these porters have not the art of carrying several pieces of luggage at once. There is not the rush of eager cab drivers at the station as there is only the one government licensed taxicab company, and the drivers are compelled to take their turns on the stand. The cabs are on the limousine type, only four persons can be accommodated, two on the back

seat and two on the small seats facing the back seat passengers. The cabs are built rather high. To my great surprise the taxicab carried my hand-luggage, trunk, and all. The trunk is either placed on the top of the cab, which is flat and has a rail around it, or it is strapped on the floor of the driver's compartment. If you are a backseat driver, which I am, it is quite a temptation to not ask the driver to move from the left side of the street to the right, but I learned in time that traffic in England is on the left side of the street. I was continually dodging traffic during my stay in England, dodging on the right from habit and on the left from necessity.

Riding alone at night without any fear for the first time in the world's largest city made me feel grateful for the circumstances that had sent me adventuring, but I was more than happy when the taxicab stopped before a very imposing edifice of stone and the driver said, "This is College Hall."

CHAPTER III

College Hall

When the cab driver rang the bell, a very trim maid opened a massive door, and I was deposited trunk and all in the vestibule of the hall. My trunk was very heavy, carrying ninety-eight pounds excess baggage. I was astonished at one man being able to carry it. This was my first experience with taxi drivers and I learned on this occasion that they are always tipped sixpence regardless of the fare. On the boat, I had taken to the purser's office some of my American money and exchanged it for English coins. Very laboriously I counted out the fare plus the sixpence tip plus a shilling for having my trunk brought in. The maid led me to one of the individual parlors and there amidst straight back chairs and a homey fire I waited for Miss Lucie I. Dobson, the bursar of College Hall, a commanding looking, but gracious and kind lady. Miss Dobson took me to my room and ordered tea for me. I had expected more than just tea and bread and preserves. Being already tired and now hungry and disappointed, I went to bed and did not awaken even when my trunk was brought into the room until twelve the following day.

For the next few days I was initiated into the routine of College Hall. Some of the rules which were strictly enforced were these:

Breakfast, 8:15–9:15 a.m. (week-days)
Tea, 4–5 p.m. daily
Dinner, 7 p.m.
(Saturday: Dinner, 1 p.m.; Supper, 7 p.m.)
(Sunday: Breakfast, 9–10 a.m.; Dinner, 1 p.m.; Supper, 8 p.m.)
Students returning to the Hall after 11:30 p.m. (Sunday, 11 p.m.) without special leave from the Principal will incur a fine of 2 s. (two shillings)
Students may not receive male visitors other than their fathers or brothers in their own rooms, but in the Common rooms only. Permission to use the Brodrick Room (for which a small charge will be made) must be obtained from the Principal.
Students are permitted to smoke in their own rooms, in the small room provided for the purpose. Smoking is not allowed in any other part of the Hall.
The directions for using the lift must be most carefully observed, or it will be put out of action. The lift may be used for the higher floors only. Students are expected to walk down the staircases at all times, and the lift must not be used after 10 p.m.

College Hall is the newly-erected modern residence for women students of the University of London, especially those from across the seas. My residence at the Hall afforded me an opportunity to be a part of the college life around me and to absorb by everyday contacts the English culture. There was an intimate group of ten students, three English girls, two Canadian girls, one Swedish girl, two girls

from India, and two American girls, of which number I made the second. A friendship formed and one I valued very much was with the secretary of the Student Christian Movement. This organization is especially valuable to the foreigner who has no friends in London, but my living in a college dormitory did not make me as dependent upon the organization for diversion as I would have been otherwise. The club house is located at 32 Russell Square.

College Hall has one hundred seventy study bedrooms in addition to the library, cloak room, individual parlors, waiting room, private parlor, game room, roof garden, large and small common rooms, which we call reception rooms, foyer, living quarters for the principal and her assistants and also for the maids, dining room, and kitchens. In the foyer is a very imposing plaque in recognition of a visit made to the hall by her Majesty, Queen Mary, in 1934.

The rooms are very comfortable. Much to my pleasure my room faced the street. Each room contained a studio couch bed, a chest of drawers, a desk chair, a desk, a bookcase, a lounging chair, a tea table, a mirror, and a throw rug. A large clothes closet extended from the floor to the ceiling and another closet contained a bowl with hot and cold running water. My room was No. 10 A located on the first floor and was assigned to me when I sent in my application. I knew that I was going to be afraid to sleep on the first floor, but in England our first floor is called the ground floor, and accordingly the second floor is called the first floor. I spent about an hour one night trying to turn on the ceiling light and the desk light at the same time, finally

despairing and thinking how very stupid I had become since my trip across the Atlantic. I learned later that the switch is so fixed that only one light can be used at a time. This is much better than having the housemother scold every month about the enormous light bill. There is a maid who takes care of the room. The service one received with the room included the privilege of setting one pair of shoes outside of the door each night and the next morning taking in a brightly shined pair. Not asking if two pairs could be polished at a time, I set out two pairs in the hall one night, only to find that one pair was shined the next morning.

The plumbing arrangements in England are quite different from those which we have in America. The bath tub and the lavatory are never in the same room, thus the bathrooms are much smaller than ours. The bathtubs are longer and higher as well as narrower, being made for the slender Englishman and not for the plump American.

The dining room of College Hall was located on the below-ground floor. Breakfast which was served from the hatch cafeteria style consisted always of orange marmalade and the regular breakfast menu including ham or eggs and bacon or eggs, not ham and eggs and bacon and eggs which Americans hold inseparable, very lean sausages, and herring which I fear I never learned to eat properly. The favorite lunch dish was steak and kidney pie. And tea, for which England is noted, was served from four to five at which hour not only large quantities of tea were consumed, but brown bread and butter, white bread and butter, delicious preserves, cake, and

scones as a rare treat. I soon became as one to the manner born, and at four o'clock I had to have my tea. India tea is used almost exclusively, but usually it was too dark and strong for me, and I found myself using about two or three tablespoons of tea and a half cup of hot water. The Englishman does not use lemon in his tea; at breakfast he may use milk, but at tea time it is drunk plain. Many a four o'clock since my return from England have I longed for a delicious cup of hot tea.

English table etiquette differs from ours. The fork is always used in the left hand, the knife being used in the right hand to place such foods as peas, potatoes and gravy on the back of the fork. Dessert is always eaten with a spoon and a fork, which are not placed on the side of the plate, but at the top of the plate. Dinner was a very enjoyable meal. One always dressed for it. At the ringing of the 6:55 bell the girls came down stairs and stood at their accustomed seats, ten girls being seated at each table. At 7 o'clock at the ringing of the second bell, the administrative staff came down, each one of the four being accompanied by a girl from the floor that was designated to sit at the high or head table that night. There were six floors at College Hall; so once each week each girl had the privilege of sitting at the principal's table. On Sunday night those girls sat there who had not found a place earlier in the week or who chose to sit there. After grace was said by Miss Alleyne, the principal, everyone sat and the maids began serving. Roast beef without any fat is the favorite meat, brussel sprouts the favorite green vegetable, white potatoes are a

part of the daily diet, lentil the favorite soup, lettuce, tomato, and egg the favorite salad, trifle the favorite dessert, horse radish mustard the favorite condiment, and custard the accompaniment of all desserts. Three nights a week after dinner, coffee was served in the large common room. It was sweetened with a kind of sugar called demerara, which looks very much like amber colored rocks. The girls who accompanied the administrative staff to dinner had coffee in Miss Alleyne's room.

Miss Alleyne looks like a little Dresden doll with her beautiful snow white hair, light blue eyes, and pink cheeks. Everything in her room looks as fragile as she. It was Mrs. Frances Armour, the assistant bursar and secretary, whom one worried about routine matters of one's daily life. She was very kind and one enjoyed knowing her. The matron, Mrs. Jacobson, aroused none of the fear of the matrons of fiction. I was more than happy in my associations at College Hall, and I feel that the happiness of my year abroad was made complete by the kindness of the administrative staff and of the girls with whom I lived.

CHAPTER IV

London

London is indeed a cosmopolitan city for on its streets one may see people from the four corners of the world, many of them still wearing their native costumes. Especially picturesque are the women of India one sees in their beautiful saris. To me the sari was always a source of admiration. The sari, so I was told by one of the girls who roomed at the Hall, consists of five yards of cloth, forty inches wide, draped and tucked into the fascinating costume that it is. It may be as expensive as the wearer is able to make it, the binding often consisting of delicate embroidery or jewels. I tried wearing one and have a picture which I took in it and prize very highly, not for its beauty, but because the sari is so beautiful.

Transportation is by bus, tube or subway, and by tram, not street car. The buses and cars are double deck. Smoking and dogs are allowed on the upper deck. Fare is paid by mileage, the cheapest rate being ld or two cents in United States coin. For short distances this is an advantage, but long distances are very expensive. I asked for a transfer, only to find that transfers are not issued since you pay only for the distance you ride on a particular line. The motorman has a compartment to himself, entering and leaving it separately from the passen-

gers. The conductor collects the fare after the passenger has been seated. He never forgets that "thank you." Standing is not permitted on London buses or trams except during the rush hour in the morning and in the evening, and then only five persons are permitted to stand. The conductor calls "full up" and the passenger waits for the next bus or tram. The tube cannot be regulated in this manner as there is no conductor to call "full up". The fare is paid at the gate upstairs, the ticket being deposited upstairs as one reaches his destination. The buses and trams have no heat and no doors, only a doorway, so riding is not very pleasant on inclement days.

Scotland Yard is synonymous with English law enforcement. Every person who plans to be in England over three months must register with the Bow Street Police Office, giving a brief history of himself and his family, his reasons for staying in the country, and he must sign a sworn statement that he will not seek gainful employment while in the country. Three weeks before leaving the country one must notify the Bow Street Office of his departure, the exact time that he shall leave, and the name of the ship that will carry him back to his native land. The English policeman or Bobby as he is called is known the world over for his efficiency and courtesy. He attends a training school before being assigned to duty, and he is familiar with every landmark in London and knows the route of every bus and tram. This information is always graciously given to anyone who asks and is concluded with "Thank you for asking." Because I was a foreigner in

England and because I was always on my way somewhere I looked upon the London policeman as my friend, and for the first time in my life I learned to welcome the sight of a policeman. One scarcely goes over two blocks without passing at least one officer. To my very great surprise, the London policeman carries no weapon, or if he does it is certainly a concealed weapon. He is a person to be respected and he is respected. The uniform is blue wool, belted style with the coat a little longer than regulation length. The hat has a very high stiff crown, giving height to the wearer; it slopes toward the front and back into an extended bill that shades the eyes and turns the water in the back. Every policeman has his black raincape either under his arm or attached to a post if on stationary duty. Most of the policemen seem to be very young.

The English Post Office is a source of interest. The main office, King Edward Post Office, is located in High Holborn, but there is a branch office in every two or three squares, so it seems. The mailing boxes look like our fire alarm boxes as they are painted red and stand about six feet high from the pavement, resembling our storage mail boxes rather than our mail boxes. At the post office the letters are posted on the outside of the building, and no provision is made for inside posting, which seemed rather strange to me since one goes inside to purchase the stamps. The stamps are all of the same design, carrying the head of the king, only varying the position of the head from right to left with each succeeding monarch. The postmen wear navy blue uniforms piped in red braid with the insignia

of the king on the lapels. The mail trucks are red and had on them while I was there, GV Rex, (George V, King). The postmen's bags are like gunny sacks. They give them a twist and throw them over their shoulders. At College Hall mail was delivered four times daily. Four times every day did I go to my mailbox. I did not have many disappointments. However I had many friends who did not find out the cost of the postage to England, for I spent about $7.50 on due postage. Post cards are very expensive in London, the ordinary picture card costs two cents, many of them are much higher. I spent around $75.00 for cards and stamps. The routine of securing a money order is much simpler than ours. You simply ask for a money order for a certain sum of money, pay the sum and the fee, and fill out the order yourself. You keep the memorandum or receipt. The postoffice does not seem to have any record of the money-orders issued, certainly not to the persons to whom they are issued. There is no long standing in line at this window at the postoffice.

All packages that come into the country are subject to the scrutiny of the custom inspectors. My family and friends sent me one large box at Christmas. The custom inspector in his haste did not attach all of the cards to the proper gifts and it was not until I returned home that I could thank my friends for their individual gifts. I received a graduation invitation in the usual collegiate book form and the double envelopes, which made a rather bulky package. The inspector must have thought it contained handkerchiefs or some small article for which

payment of duty was being evaded, for the invitation had been opened. After all he was only doing his duty in the highly efficient English manner. Tax is very high, especially on those articles that can be purchased in England. I paid duty of $2.50 on a gift package of Helena Rubenstein toilet articles, but I did not mind this as it would have cost me that much money anyway, and I was glad to be remembered by my friend.

The Englishman does not understand our drug store. He cannot conceive of such a place. England has a highly specialized business organization. One gets medicine and drugs from the chemist, ice cream and candies from the confectioner, meat from the butcher, vegetables and fruit from the greengrocer, butter, cheese, and eggs from the dairy, and staples and canned goods from the grocer. Chewing gum was available only at Woolworth's and then I saw only two or three packages. English people do not chew gum. Many stage jokes are centered around the American's habit of chewing gum. The Army and Navy Store is the only store that keeps everything to eat, wear, and use that a person might need.

"By appointment" is the one goal for which the stores vie with one another. Stores that receive royal patronage are allowed to advertise in this manner—By Appointment to His Majesty the King, or Her Majesty the Queen, or Their Majesties, and for members of the Royal Family, to H. R. H. the Duke of Kent. I made several purchases at stores that so advertised, one such purchase, a dress from Marshall and Snelgrove. The stores do not advertise profusely, perhaps a costume or an ensemble

might be featured in the paper, but never such articles as ties, hose, sweaters, handkerchiefs, and the like. I was told that the Englishman knows what stock the store carries and if he wishes a tie or a sweater he simply goes purchase it. The store that has an American atmosphere is Gordon Selfridge's; I learned that the owner is an American who has taken British citizenship. As far as the brand of purchases, one does not know that he is not in America. You can purchase I. Miller shoes, Walk-Over shoes, or any brand of American clothes you wish.

The Englishman is a good conversationalist. I think two factors contribute to this. Conversation is lively during the hour that the Englishman spends at tea and the newspapers contain only news. There are no comic strips in the English newspaper. *Punch,* a weekly comic magazine, is read for the humor which the dailies lack. *The London Times, The Daily Herald, The Mirror,* and *The Evening Standard* are the leading London newspapers. The newsboys do not hawk their news in gabbled English, but large headline sheets are displayed on racks which the passerby reads and if he wishes to read further he purchases a copy of the paper. There one does not have to peep over the newsboy's shoulder and then refuse to buy a paper.

It rains almost every day in London, usually for only a short time. The sun comes out, and the streets, which are paved, dry immediately. Men as well as women carry umbrellas every day, not the short umbrella which we consider fashionable, but the long umbrella which can be used as a walking

cane. I think this daily carrying of the umbrella accounts for the grace with which the English gentlemen carry walking sticks. Being in London taught me how to keep an umbrella, for I carried one every day and never misplaced it once. This was quite an achievement for me, for only the year before I lost four umbrellas. Now I do not have to flip a coin to see whether to carry an umbrella. I experienced four typical London fogs while I was in London. A London fog is different from the American conception of fog. It is so dense that it penetrates the house even with the doors and windows closed. Even with the lights on, one can discern only larger objects. There is a yellowish haze to the fog and it causes the eyes to smart for a day or two after the fog has lifted. To be on the street in such a fog is hazardous, for one cannot see his hand before his face. I welcomed the first fog, but I was not happy to see the others. The climate in England is damp and penetrating. There is never the brilliant sunshine of our country, although there are many beautiful days that make one feel that it is good to be alive. English people wear a great deal of wool clothing. I too learned to wear wool sweaters in spite of the fact that I had always believed that I was too fat to wear a sweater and skirt effectively. Knitting needles are kept flying. Everyone knits everywhere, in the theatres, in the lounges, in the tea rooms, and on the trains. This is one English experience I never had time to participate in, for I was too busy exploring to knit.

The English girls naturally have rosy cheeks, partially because of the cold climate and the fact that

the houses and buildings are not overheated as they usually are in America. Frankly I was chilly most of the time, but even now I do not like a room too warm. Cosmetics are not used very much by the English girl; there is also an absence of waved hair. Low heel shoes are worn almost exclusively, and sweaters and skirts are the every day costume of the English girl. Foreign women in England are usually recognized by their high heel shoes and abundance of makeup.

As I write I have my radio turned on, and I hear the latest swing pieces. I am encouraged to drink coffee to rid myself of that tired feeling. I am told how to remodel my house on easy terms. I can buy a fur coat with a small down payment. The English radio carries no such programs. It is under government control, the only broadcasting station is the B. B. C. (the British Broadcasting Company.) It permits no advertisements and no swing bands send their music over the air. One hears plays, addresses, operas, symphony orchestras, news, and the like. The programs are scheduled by the week and on Saturday most people buy for one shilling (twenty-five cents) the Radio News. Every radio owner pays a government tax for each radio he owns. The girls at College Hall paid fifty cents a year tax. The word "wireless" is more popular than the word "radio."

The telephones are the property of the Postoffice Department. One very unique feature about the English telephone is that there are public telephone booths on the streets throughout the city. On the main streets these booths are located one or two

in every block. The booth contains a directory, a light, a stool, paper and pencil, and a shelf upon which to write. Telephones are not as numerous in the homes as they are in America. This arrangement keeps one from annoying the neighbor or having his conversation overheard in a crowded business place. The booths are open at all times. A telephone call costs four cents.

For everything under the sun there is a reason. The Englishman's love for his country is instilled into him on every occasion. Every public gathering, including the university socials, sings the National anthem, "God Save the King", either at the beginning or close of the program and the Englishman stands reverently until its close. On the occasions when it is not sung by the audience, the anthem is played by the orchestra. When I first heard the English National Anthem I wondered why the Englishman played "America" on every public occasion, but later I realized that our "America" used the tune of the British hymn, thus reminding me that England is our mother country, and many of our customs and habits are taken from her.

As a whole Americans do not get the pleasure that English people do from their public parks. On a bright sunny day all London goes to the parks, and there are countless numbers of perambulators and nursemaids, children playing, women knitting, old men resting, young people feeding the ducks on the ponds, and a few people strolling aimlessly around. Parks which make London famous are Hyde Park, Regent's Park, St. James, the Green Park, and Kensington Gardens. The parks contain

bridle paths, lagoons, tennis courts, band stands, tea tables, and playground equipment. A small fee is charged for most of the pleasures of the park. I had an amusing experience at Regent's Park. The few benches which are scattered over the park may be sat on at will, but a fee of four cents is charged for the chairs. I was comfortably basking by the lake front one afternoon when a park attendant passed and said something, but thinking he did not speak to me, I paid no attention. He passed a second time, stopped, and said, "Ticket, please." Then I knew what he meant. A fee was charged for the use of the chairs. Since I had only a few moments more to spend in the park, I arose, excused my blunder, and strolled on. After that I never sat in a chair unless I had long enough time to warrant my purchasing or renting a seat. Regent's Park is famous because of the zoo, but in England one pays even to see a monkey. The general admission to the zoo is one shilling. On Monday one may visit for half price, but on Sunday admission is by card only.

The London theatre remained an eternal source of enjoyment to me. There are about fifty theatres in London which have a year around schedule. The Englishman loves the stage today as much as did his ancestors of Elizabethan days. Reserved seats are rather expensive, consequently the Englishman has to queue for hours for the unreserved seats. In most cases, before the theatre opens, he buys and puts down a stool for sixpence (twelve cents) which gives him a position in line. At many of the theatres these stools must be claimed at least

an hour before the doors open, while at other places they cannot be vacated for over an hour at a time. I queued once, just for the experience, but it was too fatiguing for me to do again. I had either to buy a reserved seat or depend on Lady Luck to save an inexpensive seat for me. Persons who queue make good use of their time while occupying the stools. Most of the women knit, many persons read or write letters, and some few just talk. Many a lunch is eaten upon a queue stool. In England one buys his theatre program, so after the performance you do not find the floor littered with discarded theatre programs. They are all folded neatly and taken home to be thoroughly read and digested, for they have cost the holder from six to twenty-five cents. The ushers, who are all women, are not as smart looking as American ushers. The uniforms of dark wool are simply made and a white tea apron is worn over them. Regardless of the age of the usher a large black bow of ribbon is worn at the back of the head. These ushers are kept busy during a performance selling candy, cigarettes, and programs. Tea is served by them at the first or second interval or between the first and second acts, or the second and third acts. Wherever an Englishman happens to be at four o'clock, he expects his tea. I found the serving of tea in the theatre a trifle annoying to me as the tea cups would always rattle the first five or six minutes after the curtain was raised, although on occasions I too had my tea at the first or second interval. At the leading theatres the Royal Family has a box reserved for them. When they do not

occupy the box the courtesy is usually extended to other members of their household.

I attended forty-six plays and twenty-five cinemas, as the movies are called. The plays that especially delighted me were "Romeo and Juliet," "Lady Precious Stream," "Pride and Prejudice," "The Rivals," "Winter Sunshine," "Three Men on a Horse," and "1066 and All That;" for college plays I liked "Tobias and the Angel" and "So to Bed." The most enjoyable cinemas were "The Governor," "The Ghost Goes West," and "The Crusaders." London has several news theatres, which are quite different and very entertaining. Only news reels are shown. The names of several prominent London theatres are Drury Lane, Coliseum, New Theatre, Old Vic, Sadler's Wells, Savoy, and Strand. The most popular cinemas are the Stohl, Paramount, Astoria, and Madame Tussaud's.

In connection with Madame Tussaud's cinema there is in an adjoining building her famous wax exhibition of prominent people of the world. These characters are in every detail as much like the persons as it is possible to make a copy. The clothes are exact duplicates of those worn by the characters in real life. I had to look several times to be certain that among these waxen figures whom I recognized that there were not some real persons mingling with them. I was happy to see our own President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

London has prepared for the comfort of the numerous people who trod her streets comfort stations scattered throughout the city. These stations are below the street surface, having steps that lead down

to them, usually one entrance for men and another for women. In addition to rest rooms, many contain facilities for a hot shower, with towels and soap available for a few cents.

And now a word about Christmas in merry England. Christmas in its observance differs from ours in many respects. It is Saint Nicholas who fills your stocking from top to toe. Sausages are served with the turkey, but cranberries which we feel no turkey can be eaten without are lacking from the Christmas menu. Christmas is a very quiet day. No transportation is scheduled until four o'clock, the theatres and places of amusement do not open until after four o'clock, for until that time all families are together enjoying their Christmas dinner. It is the day after Christmas, known as Boxing Day, that the festivities of the season begin. New Year's Day is not a public holiday, so on two traditional holidays I was denied my turkey and dressing, Thanksgiving, which is not observed, of course, and New Year's Day.

One could spend a lifetime in London and yet not see or attend all the many attractions and many interesting sights that make up the world's largest city. But when one is seeing the world on a budget of time and money it is necessary to pass on.

CHAPTER V

London Landmarks

Since I had never seen a palace, or a king, or a queen, I was eager to see Buckingham Palace, the London residence of the king and queen. The palace, which is of stone, is located near Green Park. The thoroughfare Pall Mall leads up to the palace. Originally Pall Mall, so I was told, was a game played with balls by King Charles I on this bit of ground, which later took the name Pall Mall, pronounced as though it were spelled with short "e" instead of "a". Before the palace is an imposing statue of Queen Victoria. An interesting sight and one to which people go daily to see is the changing of the guard, which takes place in the forecourt of the palace at 10:30 a.m. Guards are on twenty-four hour duty at the palace. Sightseers are not permitted on the grounds of the palace, but it is said that the gardens, which are located in the rear, are magnificent. I was very eager to see the balcony, located on the second floor, out on which the members of the royal family come to receive the plaudits of the people.

St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey next claimed my attention. St. Paul's Cathedral is constructed chiefly of Portland stone and represents the work of one architect, one master-mason, and was completed during the residence of one bishop. My

attention was attracted by the numerous pigeons that swarmed about in the courtyard waiting to be fed by the visitors, many eating from the hands of their friends and lighting upon their shoulders. In fact, all over London I was surprised at the number of pigeons flying about, especially is this true of Trafalgar Square. St. Paul's Cathedral is considered the people's cathedral, while Westminster Abbey is considered the crown's. Great Paul, a bell weighing nearly seventeen tons, hangs in the south-west tower of the cathedral and is rung daily for five minutes at 1 p.m. The bell is tolled only at the death of a member of the Royal Family, the Lord Mayor, the Dean, or the Bishop of London. During the jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary's twenty-fifth accession to the throne, public thanksgiving services were held at the cathedral. In the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, Queen Victoria knelt at the foot of the stairway of St. Paul's Cathedral and gave thanks. It was Wordsworth who said of the dome of St. Paul's, "it does typify infinity's embrace."

Westminster Abbey is classed as the finest medieval monument in Great Britain. Here since the coronation of Harold in 1066, the kings of England have been crowned. The real name of the abbey is The Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster. Edward the Confessor is the royal saint of Westminster Abbey just as Thomas à Becket has become the patron saint of Canterbury Cathedral. The abbey is the scene of the coronations and royal marriages, funerals and the resting place of eminent Englishmen, and the scene of the celebration of

great victories. England's tribute to her unknown soldier is found inscribed upon a marble plaque in the floor of the abbey at the front entrance. Its appeal lies in its simplicity. "He gave all for God, his King, and his Country." Westminster Abbey is of interest to the student of literature because of the Poet's Corner, but the poets have outgrown their original space and have overflowed into the rest of the abbey. The last poet to be buried in the abbey is Rudyard Kipling who died in January, 1936. My first impression of the abbey was that it was overcrowded. The busts, monuments, and statues are not on the wall, but on pedestals placed around the wall and in every available space in this reserved section. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the only American poet honored by having his bust in the Poet's Corner. It is damp and very cool in the abbey. The seats are not very comfortable, but that is true in all the cathedrals. As the people kneel during the services there are knee rests in front of each seat. The seats are low with very high backs in order to allow one to easily slide from the seat onto his knees. In some of the English churches and cathedrals the chairs have their backs to the altar and one kneels with his head on the chair back during the entire service.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of the cathedral altar with its gold and silver crosses, its magnificent urns, and beautiful cut flowers. In the abbey there is a special collection box designated for flowers for the altar. The services are not conducted from the altar, but they are read from a reading desk placed before the choir stalls. The

desk is reached by several winding steps. It is very beautiful with hand-carved decorations. The choir does not face the congregation, but sits on either side in front of the altar. The choir is composed of boys, a tradition still adhered to from the days when women took no part in public services. The ages of these boys range from about nine or ten years to sixteen. They are dressed in the traditional choir robes and are all members of the school of the abbey.

There is no general admission to the abbey, but if one wishes to go to the crypt to the royal tombs, or to the chapel of King Henry VII, an admission of 6 pence (12¢) is charged. Services are held daily at the abbey, and visitors are not allowed to walk around during this time. There is holy communion at 8 a.m., services for the boys at Westminster School at 9:30 a.m., morning prayer with sermon at 10:30, holy communion at 11:30, and evening prayer with sermon at 6:30. Visitors are conducted over the abbey by guides called vergers to whom a tip is usually given. One cannot mention the Abbey without calling attention to the eight abbey bells. These are the largest bells in London and have the most beautiful tone of all the bells in the country. At the death of a member of the Royal family, the tenor bell is sounded every minute for one hour. A muffled peal is rung after every funeral service. In order to solemnize a marriage or a funeral of a commoner in the abbey, one must be outstanding in the service of his country or have connections that make him worthy of such an honor. On Armistice Day upon the lawn of Westminster Abbey is erected

the Field of Remembrance. On the lawn by King Solomon's gate, which is the entrance to the abbey most frequently used, are planted white crosses, about three inches wide and five inches high, two or three inches apart with a red paper poppy in the center. These crosses are planted by those persons who wish to remember someone dear who died in the Great War. The crosses are planted in plots according to the various battalions that perished. Although the Field of Remembrance is in itself sad, it makes a very beautiful sight indeed with the red and white against the green upon which a floodlight plays at night. It was about 3 a.m. on a crisp clear night that I went down to view this field. Across the square from Westminster Abbey are statues of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The most popular place of worship in London is St. Martin's-in-the-Field, a name given to this church when it did stand in a grassy plot, but now there is not a blade of grass surrounding the church. It is located in Trafalgar Square. This church has the distinction of being the parish church of the Royal Family and of course contains the royal pew, but the Royal Family attends services in Buckingham Palace. During the Great War the basement of the church remained open day and night to give warmth and shelter to London's myriads of down-and-out. Canon Dick Shepherd who died in 1937 was the popular preacher during that time. I heard him speak twice while I was in London. His enthusiasm and emotional appeal reminded me very much of our American ministers.

Among the most magnificent structures in London

are the Houses of Parliament. They are built along the Thames river with a river front of nine hundred forty feet. In the Clock Tower is Big Ben known the world over as representing the best in clock manufacturing. The clock has four dials, each twenty-three feet in diameter. The striking parts take five hours to wind. Big Ben is so called because of the fact that the First Commissioner of Works at the time of its erection was a Sir Benjamin Hall.

The British Parliament is composed of two houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, which are comparable to our Senate Chamber and House of Representatives respectively. The House of Lords is one of the richest chambers in the world. I had the unusual pleasure of seeing the throne chairs of King George V and Queen Mary and the one throne chair for King Edward VIII. The King and Queen always open parliament with great pomp and ceremony. When problems of importance are to be solved that require the meeting of parliament not only in the day but in the evening and perhaps into the night, a light shining from the top of the Clock Tower after sundown is an indication to the public that parliament is still in session.

The Tower of London is one of the old landmarks, remembered today not for what it is, but for what it has been. It has been a fortress, a prison, and a palace. The Tower of London is located on Tower Hill along the banks of the Thames river in a section of London that is now occupied by warehouses, many of which are dilapidated. The only exploring I did in London that somewhat frightened me was

the route I took to the Tower of London. I would not have been surprised to have met the fate of some of Dickens' characters as I cautiously found my way past empty warehouses. On Tower Hill is a section enclosed by an iron fence known as the executioner's block, for there many of the Tower's prisoners met their fate. But today an atmosphere of peace prevails on Tower Hill. Numerous sightseers were present on my first visit. Pigeons swarmed around those visitors who had brought grain and crumbs for them. The benches along the river front were occupied by people who had nothing else to do but watch the boats go up and down the river. During the Great War the Tower was again used as a prison. Today the Crown jewels and regalia are kept in the White Tower. The jewels are enclosed in glass cases around which an iron rail runs far enough away so that it is impossible to reach out and even touch the glass case. Moreover guards are on duty. One pays to view the jewels which may be seen on any weekday. The Warders of the Tower or Beef eaters as they are called are very picturesque looking. They wear a sort of tunic costume reaching to the knees, knee-length breeches, black patent shoes and knee hose, and a black velvet sailor hat with a plume. The costume is also black. This costume and formation of the corps date back to about 1475. The corps today is composed of about one hundred men recruited from time-expired non-commissioned officers.

There are several famous bridges in London; London Bridge is the oldest and still the most important bridge across the Thames. Some 23,000

vehicles and 120,000 walking passengers pass over it daily. As a child, I had played the game, 'London Bridge is Falling Down', so I walked across it to be sure it had not, nor was not falling down. Tower Bridge, which is located near the Tower of London, is very high. One windy day I walked across it thinking that I might be blown from it into the Thames river. This bridge is the first bridge which ships meet when coming into the port of London. The bridge is a drawbridge, the bascules weighing about 1,000 tons each, but they are lifted in one minute to allow the passage of large vessels. Other bridges in London are Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Lambeth Bridge, and Westminster Bridge. It is considered quite a feat to be able to walk across Westminster Bridge while Big Ben is tolling the hour of twelve.

Kingsway and Bush House will always remain as pleasant memories of my year in London. My very first trip in the world's largest city took me down Kingsway to Bush House where I sent my first cable. Kingsway is one of the first streets in London to become modernized. It is one hundred feet wide. The London streets about which I had heard much and which I was very eager to see were Trafalgar Square, 33 Old Bond Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, and Cheapside. Trafalgar Square was named in honor of the great naval battle in which Lord Nelson's fleet defeated the combined fleet of both France and Spain although Lord Nelson lost his life. In the center of the square a towering statue of Lord Nelson is erected. At the base of the statue there are four huge lions cast from the

shells of the battle. The offices of the various shipping lines are in Cockspur Street across the square. At 33 Old Bond Street is the home of Yardley Toilet Preparations. Regent Street is one of the most important thoroughfares in the fashionable West End. Expensive shops line Regent Street which is crown property.

London contains many circuses, which are heavy traffic centers. At these circuses instead of traffic crossing diagonally at a point it goes around a monument that occupies the middle of this circle. Piccadilly Circus is the center of the theatrical and shoping worlds. The name Piccadilly is at least three hundred years old. It was derived either from "picadil", the hem of a garment, or from "Picadel", a fashionable ruff of the seventeenth century. Piccadilly Circus Station is the most magnificent of the tube stations and would compare in splendor to the Grand Central Station in New York City. Another important center in London is Charing Cross. In 1775 Dr. Johnson said that the full tide of human existence flowed at Charing Cross. Cheapside was the market place of medieval London and its appearance is suggestive of its name. Here one finds the bargain center of London. Prominent in the street is Wren's Church of St. Mary-le-Bow and persons who live within the sound of the bells of this church are called Cockneys, being distinguished by their accents, especially that of dropping the "h". The most popular London addresses were 146 Piccadilly, the town residence of the Duke of York, and 32 Belgrave Square, the town house of the Duke of Kent. Number 10 Downing Street is

the one address known the world over. It is the official residence of England's prime ministers and has been their residence since 1735. It is an unpretentious brownstone house built on the street with an iron fence in front of it. Downing Street is a short street of one block. A policeman from Scotland Yard is always on duty in the block.

I lived less than two blocks from the British Museum, which is located in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, the center of the rooming house district and hostels. The British Museum is of white stone, but much of it is dingy looking although the building was being cleaned. The Museum houses not only manuscripts but rare collections of art of all kinds. Very interesting was the tour through the section containing vases of every description. The library contains over 4,000,000 printed volumes, for a copy of every book, newspaper, or pamphlet published in the British Isles must be sent to the library of the British Museum. Parties are conducted over the museum at definite hours. To make certain that nothing is damaged on the tour, all umbrellas and canes must be checked at the desk on the main floor. While visiting the museum I had the great pleasure of reading Gray's Elegy in the original. These are only a few of the London landmarks. I have mentioned only those places which most people have read or heard about and those places which I was most eager to see.

I am certain that I must have been a comical sight as I made my way about with a "Guide to the Streets of London" in one hand and a "Guide to the City of London" in the other. But I had come to see for myself those places about which I had read.

CHAPTER VI

The Royal Family

I had the experience of a lifetime in seeing three English kings. To say that the English people love their king is not an exaggeration. The king and royal family are an ideal which the English people worship. This love for the royal family is manifested so strongly that I, too, felt a reverence for the king.

King George and Queen Mary passed College Hall on their way to the station to board the royal train for Sandringham, where they spent Christmas of 1935 and where the King died January 20, 1936. The King's annual Christmas Broadcast to the far-flung corners of the British Empire was hailed as a heart-to-heart talk from a father to his children. To all English people the passing of King George V was like the passing of a dearly beloved brother. As I heard the announcement, "The King's life is moving peacefully toward its close," I shed tears as the others were doing. During the period of King George's illness and at his death the radio broadcast such touching music that the very atmosphere seemed charged with the benediction of a great man.

King George V's body lay in state in the tiny church on his estate at Sandringham for one day and ten thousand men and women of the county filed past his casket. A brief funeral service was con-

ducted with the Archbishop of Canterbury in charge. Then King George V's body was brought from Sandringham to London by way of King's Cross Station and on to historic Westminster Hall where the casket was placed on a purple and gold catafalque. The body lay in state for four days from January 24 to January 27. Throngs of worshippers passed the bier of their beloved king. I was among that number, but fortunately I went down one evening about six o'clock and stood in line for about a half hour, although there were many persons who stood in line for hours. Men from the various regiments and orders were on duty, the guard being changed every half hour to permit all orders to participate. I could not help admiring the guards in their colorful uniforms of scarlet, gold, and white, with plumed helmets and high jack boots. A very touching scene was the one in which the dead King's four sons stood guard one night at midnight with bowed heads at the four corners of their father's bier. The experience of seeing a whole people genuinely grieve for a ruler was a new experience for me, but one which I shall never forget. King George's final resting place is at Windsor Castle, the hereditary home of the kings of England. On the day of the funeral people thronged the route of the funeral procession from Westminster Hall to Paddington Station. It is estimated that three million people stood bareheaded while the gun carriage bearing the King's body passed. The last rites for King George V were said at Windsor Castle in St. George's Chapel. The wreaths were so numerous that were sent in memory

of King George that they were spread over the lawn at Windsor Castle, some five thousand in all.

The message of thanks which the Queen sent to the empire was a simple and sincere one from the heart. In her message of thanks she commended the new king, King Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, to the people of the empire. The message was placed on souvenir post cards containing the Queen's picture. The cards sold rapidly. I bought several and mailed them to friends at home.

King George and Queen Mary had been so very happy together that the wish of the people was that such happiness might be in store for the new king. In his acceptance speech King Edward stated that it was his wish to follow in his father's footsteps. As Prince of Wales he had won the hearts of the people and had become the ambassador of good will for the empire. During a review of the King's regiment at Hyde Park I had the good luck to stand about twelve feet from King Edward VIII for a half hour. I saw King George VI, then the Duke of York, for only a fleeting second as he rode through Hyde Park.

The Duke and Duchess of York, now King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, were interesting because of their close succession to the throne. Their daughters, the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, have caught the fancy of the English people. Their mode of dress is the pattern for all little English girls. The Duke and Duchess of Kent are considered a very handsome royal couple. The Duchess of Kent is a princess in her own right, and

the fact that she ranks among the ten best dressed women in the world speaks volumes for her charm. The two children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent likewise attract the public's attention. The Duke of Gloucester married while I was in London. The wedding was solemnized at Buckingham Palace and not at Westminster Abbey, because the Duchess was in bereavement for her father. I went to St. James Palace to see the wedding gifts, which were on display for the benefit of a charity in which the Duchess was interested. The price of admission, a shilling, went to charity. I have never seen such magnificence and splendor. The jewels to the Duchess from her mother-in-law and father-in-law, Queen Mary and King George V, were worth a king's ransom. There were three complete sets of jewels of turquoise and diamonds, emeralds and diamonds, and diamonds. The ensemble included a ring, a bracelet, a brooch, a clip, a necklace, and a tiara. There were many gifts of antiques, both furniture and dishes, pictures, silver, linen, and gifts from various parts of the empire. The gifts were catalogued and for the price of a shilling a catalogue which gave the donor of the gift and its description could be purchased.

All of the members of the royal family are interesting to the public and wherever it is announced that they will appear, the English public flocks not once but many times to see them. The royal family is the bond that holds the far-flung British empire together.

CHAPTER VII

The University of London

Although Oxford and Cambridge are the universities that one readily associates with England, I chose the University of London because it was in London and I wished to be in and a part of the world's largest city. The University of London is fast becoming a rival of Oxford and Cambridge, but it lacks the traditions that years can build, for it was not founded until the early nineteenth century.

The English university system is entirely different from ours. The University of London is composed of eight distinct colleges in widely separated areas of London. Each college is complete in itself, but a University Senate serves as a coordinating body. I was enrolled in University College and Bedford College of the University of London for the year 1935–36. The school session is divided into first, second, and third terms. The first term began Monday, October 7 and closed Thursday, December 19; the second term began Tuesday, January 14 and closed Wednesday, March 25; the third term began Tuesday, April 28 and closed Thursday, July 2. Christmas vacation began Friday, December 20 and lasted until Monday, January 13; Easter vacation began Thursday, March 26 and lasted until Monday, April 27. Whit Monday, June 1 was a holiday.

I was enrolled as a post-graduate student. At the university I had not applied for a degree or certificate, so I was able to pursue every interest that made for fuller living. Since most of my lectures were taken at University College I shall describe it. University College is quadrangular in design with an inner court where the students congregate and where the buzz of classes passing to and fro is loudest. Since college life is passed within this inner court, the approach to the building gives one the appearance of non-activity. A high iron fence and gates surround the college which sets back about two hundred feet on a grassy lawn from the main entrance on Gower Street. There is a lodge at the gate in charge of an attendant in his wine colored cut-away suit and high black silk hat. He looks and smiles at one when he passes within the gates of this seat of learning. Lost and found articles may be reported at the lodge, and college announcements are posted on the sides of the lodge. The college has several tennis courts for which a fee is charged by the hour.

The lounging room, or common room as it is called, is kept locked, but all students who pay the fee have a key to the room. The students smoke while they lounge and read. Across the hall from the lounge is the writing room to which one also has a key. The keys prevent one from having the feeling that he just dropped in and too only persons who are entitled to the use of the rooms partake of their comforts. There is a cafeteria and tearoom on the main floor, and a cheaper cafeteria and tearoom on the below-ground floor. Both of them

are crowded especially during tea hour. A cloak room in charge of an attendant is on the below-ground floor. The English university system features clubs and not sororities and fraternities. The manner of enrollment is very similar to our system. Each student to show that he is a bona fide student of the college is given a stamped matriculation card which he should carry with him at all times. Each student has an adviser. Mr. L. Solomon, my adviser, was a very pleasant person. I contributed a pound ($5.00) for the renovating of Great Hall or the assembly hall.

At University College I enrolled in the following lectures: English Life and Literature (a survey of English culture from the beginning to the present time, an authority in each field presenting that particular field), Principles of Dramatic Criticism, Elizabethan Drama, Shakespeare Seminar, and Shakespeare, and at Bedford College I enrolled in these lectures: Shakespeare Discussion, History of Modern Drama, and History of the Theatre.

The English college system is not a concentrated one. My lectures met only once a week. There were no frequent tests nor long term papers with which we are frequently confronted. A student may or may not attend class as he wishes. The first degree, the A.B. or B.S., is awarded after three years of study, but the second degree, the M.A. or M.S., requires two years, while the awarding of the third degree is dependent upon the ability of the person to make progress.

In all of the lecture rooms there is a high desk at which the lecturer may sit on a very high stool, al-

though many of the lecturers prefer the regular teacher's desk. On the teacher's desk there is always a water jug. Just before the lecture begins, the caretaker comes in to see if the room is in order and that crayon and erasers are available. Consequently there are no harassed professors. At University College one of my lectures was held in the Gustave Tuck Theatre, a room on the top floor of the building. The lecturer's desk was on a platform. The students' seats which were elevated one row above the other looked like church pews arranged in a semicircle. The backs of the seats were so very high that one could not peep below or above him, only the persons across the room could be seen. The seat was very narrow and uncomfortable. Although there was a writing ledge attached to the back of the seat in front of one, most of the students held their notebooks in their laps, as the ledge was too far away to be comfortable.

The College library does not lose many books. Brief cases cannot be taken into the library. They may be left in racks in the hallway at the student's own risk. At the entrance to the library which is on the second floor of University College there is a beadle, as the attendant is called, in a burgundy cut-away coat and a high black silk hat, who glances at one when he enters the library, but inspects one when he leaves. It is he who makes certain that all books are properly checked. The college libraries are not housed in separate buildings as each college has its own library. The graduate students in each department have a special library of their own. This room is kept locked, but all graduate students have

a key to the room, and the students browse at will. These books may be checked out by the beadle whom one passes on the way out.

At the close of the year's lectures at Bedford College, I was happy to be given this note by my lecturer, Miss Fermor.

Bedford College for Women
University of London
June, 1936

Miss Zatella Turner has been a member of my classes on Shakespeare and on Drama during the session 1935–36 and has taken an active part in them. She has contributed her full share to discussion and the general work of the class and has adapted herself very successfully to English methods and to English points of view. I am glad to have this opportunity of saying that she has worked hard, has been an interesting and congenial member of the class and has profited by the year's experience.

U. M. Ellis-Fermor
Reader in English Literature

In addition to these specified lectures at the University of London, I attended the series of public lectures offered by the various colleges of the university as well as lectures at the British Museum, the Tower of London, the People's National Theatre, and the University College Drama Society. I took out membership in the People's National Theatre, the British Drama League, and the College Hall Play Reading Society.

My year's study at the University of London was one of the most enjoyable years of the many years that I have spent in school.

CHAPTER VIII

English Shrines

When one is ready to leave London for other parts of the country, his choice lies among one of four railroads: the Great Western Railway; the London, Northeastern Railway; the London, Midland, and Scotland Railway; and the Southern Railway. There are several bus lines to nearby places of interest.

Since Stratford-Upon-Avon contains the most famous shrine in the world for English-speaking people, my first visit outside of London was made to it. The village is quaint and peaceful, the river Avon winds leisurely through it passing the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and Holy Trinity Church where the poet Shakespeare is buried. Shakespeare's birthplace, which is in the heart of Stratford on Henley Street, is the town's most cherished building and England's greatest literary shrine. It is a detached half-timbered building consisting of two communicating houses. It was in the house on the left that Shakespeare was born on the upper floor in a large room known as the best bed room. This room has become so defaced with the signatures of sightseers that every precaution is now taken to prevent further mutilation. The rooms all have oak beams and very low ceilings. When I visited the place in May the yard was a pageant of color. In

the backyard there grows every kind of flower mentioned in any of Shakespeare's plays or poems. Shakespeare's birthplace is directly on the street with the yard in the back. The English houses are either built directly on the street with the yard in the back or else built far back from the street with very high hedges or high fences around them, over which it is impossible for the curious to peep. The house adjoining Shakespeare's birthplace is preserved as a museum and library. In it is housed a collection of manuscripts, books, pictures, and relics of the life and works of Shakespeare. Under lock and key is safeguarded the most precious book in the world, the First Folio, which contains the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works and which in 1623 sold for one pound ($5.00). Today it is worth 40,000 pounds ($200,000). In the museum is the high desk at which the poet sat in the Stratford Grammar School.

I next visited Ann Hathaway's Cottage in the neighboring village of Shottery about two miles distant. Although Shakespeare walked to the village, I rode the bus. Ann Hathaway's thatched cottage looks exactly like the pictures that I had seen of it. Myriads of brightly colored old-fashioned English flowers bloom in the yard. The house is not a cottage in the modern sense as it is a substantial farm house of two stories. The most interesting piece of furniture in the cottage is the old courting settle on the right of the fireplace. The settle has a very uncomfortable appearance with its narrow wooden seat and straight high back designed as a protection against draughts. Opposite it is the chair of the

stern parent as all courtship was supposed to have been done under his watchful eye. In Ann Hathaway's cottage is the best preserved rush mattress in England. The upstairs bedrooms are built one back of the other without any hallway adjoining them. Thus it was necessary to pass to and fro through each bedroom. The back bedroom was occupied by the parents who were thus enabled to keep a more watchful eye on the children, knowing for a certainty the hour that they arose and went to bed.

Returning from Shottery to Stratford I then visited Holy Trinity Church and the Stratford Memorial Theatre. A true lover's lane is the path from the entrance of the churchyard to the church. The path is flanked on either side by tall, stately elm trees. Shakespeare's tomb, of never-failing interest to visitors, lies just inside the altar rail of the church. The well-known inscription is not written facing the throng of worshippers who come to pay homage. The visitor is compelled to read the inscription upside down as one is not permitted to go inside the altar. There is a bust of Shakespeare on the wall within the altar rail. In the church I saw the silver baptismal font in which Shakespeare was baptized and the Parish Register which shows the entry of the poet's baptism and burial. This inscription has prevented Shakespeare's ashes being moved to Westminster Abbey.

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

The greatest memorial to Shakespeare is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford erected by his friends from all over the world, one-half of the funds coming from his American admirers. The present structure was completed in 1932. The seating capacity of about six hundred is far too small. The theatre is officially opened each year on or near Shakespeare's birthday with much pomp and ceremony for a period of twenty-six weeks. The program is changed daily, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, thus affording many persons the pleasure of spending several days in Stratford and seeing several plays. Three times did I visit Stratford and I saw at the theatre *Twelfth Night, King Lear,* and *Hamlet.* I did not purchase my ticket in advance on one occasion and I had to stand during the performance of *Twelfth Night.* Of course, I had to have tea in Stratford. The theatre has a most pleasant tea room on the verandah, past which the river Avon flows peacefully. One can imagine Shakespeare's spirit resting in such an inviting setting. It can easily be believed that Shakespeare learned much of life and of people in Stratford, for there is a something in the atmosphere that breathes of friendliness and understanding.

Next to Shakespeare's birthplace I was eager to visit Canterbury, made famous by Chaucer and his Canterbury Pilgrims. I went overland to Canterbury on a glorious spring day in April at such a time and on such a day as the pilgrims set forth from the Tabard Inn in Southwark. Canterbury is the mother church of England, and on the occasion of my visit a special feast day was being celebrated.

Unlike the other cathedrals no admission is charged, but there are boxes at numerous places to receive free-will offerings. In a cathedral report it was shown that the income from Canterbury Cathedral was as large as that from the other cathedrals where admission is charged. All of the cathedrals have this in common. They are built of stone, have stone or cement floors, are large and rambling, and are very damp and chilly. At Canterbury I had the privilege of standing on the spot where Sir Thomas à Becket, who has become the patron saint of Canterbury, was murdered. There are many small chapels in the cathedral. One of these was set aside for those persons who wish to offer prayers in behalf of those killed in the Great War. The greatest thrill of the trip to Canterbury came when I climbed a pair of steep steps to have tea in the Chaucer Inn. At just such a place outside the Cathedral the pilgrims may have stopped and refreshed themselves before entering the cathedral. At Canterbury in going from the ruins of the Black Friars Monastery to the Gray Friars Monastery, my friend and I did not use the usual method of transportation by foot, but hired a boat with a boatman and glided down a little stream about twenty-five feet wide that took us past back yards of blooming flowers and under houses that were built over the stream. Many persons came to their windows to see us. I felt like a swan gliding down the stream. In Canterbury I bought several pieces of hand weaving for which art Canterbury is famous. Reluctantly we returned to London.

My next trip was to Milton's cottage at St. Giles, Chalfont, a suburb about fifty miles from London. In the cottage I saw Milton's study and the desk and chair he used in completing his great epic poem, "Paradise Lost." The day I visited the cottage there were about fifty people eager to enter the cottage, but some had to walk around the yard while others went inside. In the yard are beautiful flowers and shrubbery.

Another week-end I visited Thomas Gray's grave in the little churchyard at Stoke Poges, the little churchyard which he made famous in his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." The approach to this church is down a quiet country lane in which one may hear the lowing of the cattle about which Gray wrote. Gray's grave is just below the front window of the church beneath a yew tree. A wedding was being solemnized at the church the day I was there, so visitors were not permitted to enter the church. In such tranquillity the bride cannot help living happily ever afterwards. In the churchyard near the gate there is a very plain brown square monument erected to Gray. On each side is a verse from the Elegy, reputed to be the author's favorite verse.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke that silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

One morning in my American fashion, I was rushing to lecture when I was summoned to the principal's office, and presented a check with the compliments of the principal and the bursar. This check was given me in order that I might visit some places in England that interested me most. I was very happy to receive this gift not only because it would aid me in my travels, but because I felt that it was an expression of the esteem in which I was held. I was ever mindful of the fact that as an American Negro living intimately with English people, I was molding the Englishman's opinion of Negro Americans. A Canadian friend at College Hall, who was interested in out-of-the-way places in England as I was, accompanied me on this two weeks' tour along what is called the "English Riviera." We stopped for only a day or a night in many places along the route. The thought itself is a weary one of lying down to rest each night in a different place. It was necessary

for us to be absent from school for several days, but the trip was not one to be foregone. We left London from Waterloo Station visiting the interesting English towns of Winchester, Salisbury, Stonehenge, Dorchester, Plymouth, Exeter, Falmouth, St. Ives, and Bath, returning to London at Euston Station.

Winchester today is a small town in Hampshire, but under the Saxons it was the capital of England from about the ninth to the eleventh centuries. The most famous building in Winchester is the cathedral, but the literary association of Winchester centers around King Alfred, whose influence is seen everywhere. A massive and imposing statue of King Alfred is erected in the heart of the town. The heavy gates that were built in Saxon times to protect the town are still in operation, a gateman stationed in a tower over the gates is responsible for their opening and closing. The thing I enjoyed most in Winchester was seeing King Arthur's Round Table which hangs on the wall in a ruined castle deserted by kings. I did not ask myself whether this was the true table; it was too pleasant imagining King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Sir Percival, Sir Galahad and all that galaxy of knights of chivalry seated around the table sighing for brave deeds to accomplish.

At Salisbury I think is the most beautiful of the English cathedrals, especially is the screen before the altar of magnificent beauty and workmanship. It has the appearance of lace work and carved, in what appears to be ivory, are the statues of the twelve apostles. One takes a bus out of Salisbury for

Stonehenge. At Stonehenge one is forced to look into the past to appreciate the groups of stone columns for which one pays one shilling to see, to be told by the guide that the arrangement of the stones in two concentric circles proves that the people who erected these stones were sun worshippers who belonged to an ancient period of history. Since Stonehenge is one of the first pictures I can remember in my English literature book when I began the study of literature, I am glad that I saw it.

It was to Dorchester, England that I went to visit the scenes of my favorite twentieth century English novelist, Thomas Hardy. I was sorry that the Memorial Association has not yet bought Hardy's birthplace as a shrine. The people who occupy his thatched cottage are opposed to visitors' rambling over the place. On the gate in large letters is this sign, "Visitors are not wanted." Hardy's palatial home in Dorchester, which is occupied by his second wife, is so far back in the yard amidst towering trees that one can see only the trees when the guide says, "This is Thomas Hardy's residence." Hardy's ashes are interred in Westminster Abbey, but at his request his heart was placed in the grave with his first wife.

Exeter, like Salisbury, is noted for its cathedral. We did not have the opportunity to roam over Exeter Cathedral, for a church feast was being observed the day we were there. The vast auditorium was crowded. Suffice it to say that from what I observed Exeter Cathedral is due its share of admiration.

Plymouth is a seaport town and the spirits of the

old seadogs of yore linger about the place. There one feels that Drake, who has been immortalized by the naval base Drake's Island, is still roaming the streets, and that Frobisher, Hawkins, and Raleigh are there too. To the American visitor there are two places of never-failing interest in historic Plymouth—the Mayflower Stone and 32 Elizabeth Street. On the Mayflower Stone, which is simply a stone in the pavement at the wharf which marks the spot from which the Mayflower embarked, I stood with a feeling of greater reverence than all the books of history had ever inspired in me for those Pilgrims who in 1620 were willing to risk everything for an opportunity to worship God as they pleased. This section of Plymouth is now a warehouse, fish market, and industrial center. Leaving this section of the city, one finds his way up a very narrow dirty street to 32 Elizabeth Street and peeps through a mottled window pane into what used to be a house, but what is now a warehouse. It was in this house that the Pilgrim Fathers spent their last night in the homeland. The people in Plymouth are especially cordial to Americans for they feel a close kinship with them. One of the inhabitants of the Barbizon or wharf district said to us, "We keep these two memorials for you Americans." The traffic officer on duty whom we stopped to ask a direction explained that Plymouth derived its name from the fact that Plymouth was located at the mouth of the River Plym, hence Plymouth. This explanation amused me, but I appreciated the officer's kindness.

It is upon a hill near the new Lido or swim-

ming pool that a statue is erected in commemoration of an event that marked the course of English history. The student of history knows that the date 1558 is important because it saw the defeat of the Spanish Armada by England's navy, and the student of history also knows that the Spanish Armada was destroyed at sea by a storm just outside Plymouth. The Armada Statue is marked by its simplicity and truthfulness. The inscription on this tall shaft reads like this, "By the Grace of God the Winds Prevailed and So They Were Destroyed." This statue is in the midst of a level, grassy playing field for bowls, as it is reported that the English naval officers played bowls the day before the Spanish Armada was defeated. The Lido, which was opened the week that I visited Plymouth, is a vast swimming beach, with a grandstand in which one pays to sit and look out over the sea at the swimmers, at Drake Island, and at the ships sailing forth and returning home. It was while in Plymouth that I had the good pleasure to enjoy a Devonshire Cream tea, consisting of strawberries with Devonshire cream, hot tea, bread and butter, preserves, and cake. The strawberries are stemmed, but usually left whole. The cream is thick like whipping cream, but it is not whipped. I was told that Devonshire cream is made by bringing milk to a boil, skimming off the foam, and letting the milk settle and cool. We were both sorry to leave Plymouth after spending two days there, but our time was limited.

Falmouth is located in Cornwall and is a fashionable seaside resort along the English Riviera. I

had always imagined how perfectly delightful it would be to live at a seaside hotel and to be able to spend hours basking in the sun, reading, or idly watching the sea. Falmouth and the Boscawain Hotel will ever be remembered for they offered me just such an opportunity. In Falmouth I bought several pieces of pottery as Cornwall is located in the heart of the pottery industry. On a high hill overlooking the sea in Falmouth there is a ruined castle spoken of as King Arthur's Castle. I attempted to climb the hill one day, but the charm of the sea was so great that I came down and spent the time idly basking on the seashore.

The charm of St. Ives lies in its quaintness. It is a fishing village located at the foot of rugged hills, hills so steep that it seems as though they may tumble over into the lap of St. Ives and smother it or else push it into the sea. There was one street of steps called Jacob's Ladder that led up to the hills above, but even the steps were so steep that I had the sensation of scaling a wall. St. Ives has many water-front cafés. We climbed some rickety steps to the second floor of one of these cafés and there I ate the best and most delicious fried fish and French fried potatoes I have ever eaten. Someday I hope to go back to St. Ives to this café.

With one exception we were ready to begin our journey home after a most fascinating tour, but Bath had to be visited before we could feel that we had seen all. Bath remains today the fashionable health resort it was in Sir Toby's day and the mineral waters have not lost their curative power. For eighteen cents I was able to enter

the lounge of the famous Bath House, where for an additional twelve cents I was able to drink the restoring waters. The lounge is very comfortable with its massive leather furniture. The sparkling waters gush forth from a fountain, but I do not like mineral water here nor in Bath. While strolling over Bath we noticed some stone steps that led down to an inviting little park. Spying a bench that looked very restful we started down the steps when we heard someone from above call, "Tickets, please." We retraced our steps and contented ourselves with admiring the park from a distance.

With our tea in Bath we were served the famous Bath bun, a bun containing raisins and currants and somewhat sweet. After tea we had only one thought, to arrive safely in London and reach College Hall. We were all tuckered out, and Euston Station, London, was a welcome sight to us. These two weeks of barnstorming are among the most pleasant memories of my year abroad.

CHAPTER IX

The English Country-Side

During a part of the Christmas vacation I had the good fortune to visit at "The Firs" in Stonestreet Village, Seven Oaks, Kent. Seven Oaks takes its name from seven gigantic oak trees that line the road into the village. It is only about a forty-five minute train ride from London. Seven Oaks is in the midst of the sheep raising center and no sight is more fascinating than to see a number of new-born lambs frisking about scarcely able to stand on their unsteady legs. Many drives along country lanes were made to see the lambs. The English lady whom I visited was a very charming person. She was a great traveler and had been to America. While in America she saw more than New York, for her visit took her into the Middle West. "The Firs" derives its name from a cluster of stately fir trees which grow in the yard in front of the house. The household at "The Firs" consisted of my hostess, four maids, and a gardener. Many interesting people were guests for a day or for longer periods. The house is a large three-story house with a very imposing view as one can look out the drawing room windows down the road and over the country-side. Like Mr. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," the owner of "The Firs" likes everything old, for she has not desired modern con-

veniences. There are neither electric lights nor gas in the house. The candles and coal oil lamps were a novelty to me. I had only to go to the mantle in the hall and pick up a candle or a lamp to light my way upstairs.

It was a very highly appreciated and enjoyable experience to live in an English home like this one, for I saw the English culture and customs at their best. At home and at College Hall I eagerly awaited the postman's arrival, but at "The Firs" I learned to wait for my mail to be brought to me on a tray. The striking of chimes suspended from the hall ceiling was the call to meals and one came promptly. The maids were not assigned any one duty, but they alternated in doing the work of the home, thus preparing them for all-around house work. The English home is arranged differently from ours. There is the scullery where the vegetables are prepared, the garbage is disposed of, and the pots and pans are washed and kept. Then there is the pantry in which the kitchen dishes and nicer utensils are kept, and in which the dishes are washed. The larder or storeroom is what its name implies. The kitchen proper is very spic and span. At "The Firs" it contained a large coal range, cabinets, table and chairs for the maids, a bookshelf, and a rocker or two, as the kitchen served as the maids' living room. Unlike most homes in America, there is a vast difference in the menu served the maids and the family.

While at "The Firs" I learned how to prepare tea and after two or three awkward preparations I learned to be quite adept. The tea water was

brought in, in a small tea kettle and placed on the hot coals of the fireplace in the living room. The water was boiled briskly, then poured over the tea leaves in the teapot and allowed to steep for a short while. In the meantime the cups are hotted as I learned to say. If crumpets, which look like pancakes, are served with the tea, they are placed on a long fork and toasted in the fireplace. Crumpets are appetizing with strawberry preserves. The napkin is not used at tea time, but I felt the need of one and used my handkerchief inconspicuously.

English houses are not kept warm enough for the average American, nor was I ever really and truly warm while in England. The fireplaces which are usually found in every room make a cozy looking fire with their bright leaping flames and red coals, but they do not send out heat that surrounds one on all four sides. To my great surprise at "The Firs" a fire was not made in the bedrooms, nor was there a fire in the bathroom, but one slept comfortably because of a hot water bottle that was placed in the bed by the maid about an hour before one retired. This was my first occasion to become habituated to the use of a hot water bottle, but it was possible to feel the heat gradually going up my body until it reached the top of my head. A tub of piping hot water will take the chill off a bathroom. However there was a heating system of a sort in the lower hall which was supposed to warm the upstairs.

The flowers at "The Firs" were numerous, and just as I was leaving the snowdrops were bursting into bloom. There are numerous bulb flowers planted in England, especially narcissi, daffodils,

and tulips. There is a movement gaining importance in England for the preservation of the English country-side. There are being built many houses in groups styled as villas. These houses for the most part are double houses, as they are called, rather than duplexes. They are practically all alike in architecture and seem not to regard the landscape.

Among the persons whom I met at "The Firs" was a very interesting Japanese young woman with whom I have kept up a correspondence. She has since married. One night she helped prepare a typical Japanese meal and served it with chop sticks. At first I could not even try to use the chop sticks for watching my hostess and the young lady handle their sticks. When I did try to use them I had to give up in despair and resort to my knife and fork. The long rides into the country in my hostess's luxurious popular English car, a Morris Eighteen, added much pleasure to my visit at "The Firs" and I am grateful for this rare privilege of living in her home and enjoying with Wordsworth and the other nature poets the real beauty of the English country-side.

Another visit to the English country which proved indeed pleasant was the long week-end, Friday to Tuesday, I spent at "Cooldara" at Gerrard's Cross, Buck, England. "Cooldara" in Irish means "Little Oak", if I do not misquote my hostesses. Pretty sounding names are given to the country residences as I recall "The Hilltop," "The Rosary," and "Sunny Bower." The hostesses of "Cooldara" are two elderly sisters, both very charming and elegant looking, who are interested in the World Peace Campaign. It was rather nice to have them turn to

one another to verify or confirm something that the other one had said. On the third floor of "Cooldara" was a chapel, the exact duplicate of one with the pews and reading desk. Each evening the household climbed the stairs for evening worship. Everywhere religion and patriotism seem to be a part of the national consciousness. Everything seems to be done with a feeling "For God, my King, and my country."

This week-end stands out very distinctly, for upon my arrival in London in the fall the newspapers had numerous references and sketches of the beauty of Burnham Beeches, a forest tract containing picnic grounds about nineteen miles from London. The Beeches contain some beautiful and magnificent old beech trees. Joyce Kilmer must have known about the beeches when writing his poem, "Trees."

A bit of country-side not far from downtown London is Hampstead Heath, the picnic grounds of the great metropolis. Hampstead Heath is to the weary-worn people of London what Coney Island is to the weary New Yorker.

Windsor Castle and Hampton Court are two bits of English country-side which are of paramount interest to the visitor. At Windsor Castle the King holds court for a short while each year during the Ascot races, which are always preceded by the King and Queen riding around the race course in state. I missed the grand spectacle of the King riding around the course, for the royal family was in mourning for the late King George V. The ramble through the castle is interesting, especially so since

it is occupied by the royal family. The most interesting room is the throne room in which the royal blue carpet and furnishings are changed with the accession of each king. Queen Mary's Doll House, which was on exhibition in one room of the castle, was as fascinating to adults, men as well as women, as it was to the children. The Doll House is furnished very much like a palace and in some instances is furnished like Buckingham Palace. Everything is on a miniature scale, even the tiny books in the library are real. Windsor Castle is more picturesque than Hampton Court or Buckingham Palace as it sets upon a hill and commands a glorious view of the valley below. Like Hampton Court the grounds are beautiful, and many people go to the castle just to wander about the grounds. Outside the castle grounds is an interesting old tea shop called the Nell Gwynn Tea Shop. I had tea in a tiny box-like room with bay windows overlooking the street. In this very room King Charles II and Nell Gwynn had many private teas. Nell Gwynn is somewhat of a public idol, for it was she who had Charles II found a home at Chelsea for disabled soldiers.

Hampton Court Palace which was once a royal residence is now used as a residence for those persons who are on royal pensions. With its hundreds of rooms it has been well partitioned and divided into private quarters. It is expected that Hampton Court would have a ghost, and in an upper chamber and hallway roams Jane Seymour's ghost. One of the interesting garden features is a grape vine, now grown in

a hot house, which in spite of being centuries old still bears fruit. Although the vine did not have fruit when I was there I willingly paid my four cents to see such a marvelous vine. Hampton Court is just about a thirty minute bus ride from downtown London and on beautiful days the citizens throng to Hampton Court with its beautiful gardens.

There are many places still to be visited in England, but when one is on a budget of time and money, it is necessary to leave many interesting places for another time.

CHAPTER X

Bonnie Scotland

It was during the first ten days of the spring vacation that I went to Scotland. The journey, which took eight hours from London to Edinburgh, was a long, tiresome one as the Englishman described it, but the English people are accustomed to short train rides. Arriving at Edinburgh, which is sometimes called the 'modern Athens' and again 'Auld Reekie' because of the smoke rising from its numerous chimneys, I walked up the steps of the Waverly Station to what the guide book tells one is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, Princes Street. The name itself is romantic. It is named in honor of the two elder sons of George III. Princes Street has buildings on one side of the street only.

Sir Walter Scott is everywhere. Towering above Princes Street is the Scott Monument, a Gothic spire about two hundred feet high forming a canopy over a statue of Sir Walter Scott with his dog Maida. In the niches of the monument are figures of characters in Scott's works. I climbed to the top of the Scott monument, from which point one gets a glorious view of the city. The climb to the top is not a pleasant one because the interior staircase is not lighted. No one in our party had thought to bring a flashlight, but a party some several steps ahead of us had one, and we depended on the faint

rays of that light to direct us. At the halfway house, where many people stop to rest and decide to go no further, there are a few of Scott's relics on display.

There are many beautiful flower gardens along Princes Street. One of these contained a brightly hued floral clock with this motto in the center, "Tempus Fugit." It seemed I might have heard the clock tick, it seemed so real.

The place of paramount interest in Edinburgh is Edinburgh Castle which is located high upon Castle Hill, about four hundred forty feet above the sea. It is surrounded on three sides by rocky precipices. The entrance to the castle is across a moat which is now dry and then through an outer gate and on through the last gate, a portcullis gate, which is a vaulted archway beneath the Constable's Tower. This portcullis gate had iron teeth which could be lowered at the approach of the enemy. It was the strongest and last defense against the enemy's entrance to the Castle. In a tour through the dungeons of the Castle where prisoners were kept, it would have been quite easy for me to believe in spirits of another world. I timidly entered unventilated, dark, and damp underground passages which must have spelled despair for those who were confined within their walls.

On Castle Hill is located St. Margaret's Chapel, one of the oldest church structures in Scotland and one of the tiniest chapels in the world. It is sixteen and a half feet by ten and a half. It can accommodate about thirty people. At one time it was being considered as the place for the christening of the little English princess, Princess Margaret

Rose. It was finally thought to be too small to accommodate those persons who of necessity had to be present.

The Scottish National War Memorial is housed in a separate building on Castle Hill. In contrast to many war memorials it is very elaborate. I had the feeling of standing in the presence of something too vast for me to comprehend. I recall these impressions very vividly. Within the building there is a shrine with iron gates beneath a sculptured archway. Along the walls are sculptured figures of all beings who served in the war: men, women, animals, and carrier pigeons. The Gallery of Honour is divided into columns and the various Scottish regiments are inscribed on these columns with their honours. The windows of the monument are of stained glass and each one of the seven windows portrays some aspect of war. War really seemed a stupendous, colossal affair as set forth by the Scottish National War Memorial.

The tour of Castle Hill ended with a visit to the Old Palace. Mary Queen of Scots is closely associated with Edinburgh Castle. In a small irregularly shaped chamber of the Old Palace on the ground floor I saw the room, scarcely nine feet square, in which King James VI of Scotland and I of England was born. Tradition says that from this one small window in the room the new-born baby was lowered in a basket to Catholic friends waiting below. The guide stated that this was impossible as the room is an inner one. The Scottish guards on duty in their native costume attracted the attention of the visitors. Outside of Castle Hill are stationed some

old hacks and drivers ready to serve those who wished to see the city in the style of days long gone.

By way of the Royal Mile one can go from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, the chief royal palace in Scotland and the residence of Mary Queen of Scots for six tragic years. Holyrood Palace has many grim associations. I was interested in the historical apartments of Mary Queen of Scots and of her husband, Lord Darnley. His apartment consisted of an audience chamber, a bedroom, and a dressing room. It communicated by a private stairway in the wall with the queen's apartments above. In Queen Mary's apartment, a brass plate on the floor at the door indicates the spot where the body of Rizzio, her secretary, was laid by his murderers. If history is to be believed, Queen Mary and a small party of friends including Rizzio, her secretary, were at supper when they were surprised by Lord Darnley and a party of conspirators. Rizzio was seized and carried out of the room by the entrance door and left with fifty-six dagger wounds in his body. The Queen's apartment included an audience chamber, a bedroom, a dressing room, and the supper room. By the supper room is the private stairway from the king's apartment.

I was keenly interested in Holyrood Palace when I was told that today the King and Queen occupy the palace for a short while each year. The rooms used by the King and Queen were not open to visitors, but we were taken through Queen Victoria's rooms including a breakfast room, morning drawing room, and evening drawing room. Before I had the rare privilege of visiting palaces it was almost

impossible to conceive of a palace with a hundred or more rooms. The experience of visiting castles and palaces is one which I found delightful. In ruins, but adjoining Holyrood Palace, is Holyrood Abbey. The Scottish guards at the palace are in native costume too.

The most dismal place, it seemed to me, that I visited in all of my wanderings was Robert Louis Stevenson's house. The museum of Stevenson's personal relics, letters, manuscripts, books by or about him, portraits, and photographs are on the second floor, the caretaker occupying the first floor. The place was cold and dreary and had no appeal for me as the other places that I visited. This might have been due to the fact that my visit was in advance of the regular tourist season and it was cold and rainy. The Edinburgh weather was beastly the ten days that I was there.

Going down High Street in Edinburgh there is a heart-shaped design in the pavement which marks the spot of the old jail of Edinburgh, popularly called Midlothian. It was demolished in 1817 and its site is marked by the figure of a heart in the pavement, which recalls to the mind of the admirer of Scott his novel, *The Heart of Midlothian.* The principal church of Edinburgh is the church of St. Giles. I did not visit the interior of the church, but the exterior is somber, though imposing looking, with its Gothic structure. John Knox, the great Presbyterian reformer, is closely associated with this church. John Knox's house is also located on High Street. The tripping staircase was one interesting feature of the house. The uneven stairs were a

silent guard for the household. A person not knowing about them would naturally trip and thus warn the household of the presence of an intruder.

While in Edinburgh I visited a friend whom I met on the boat who was studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh. I lived in what the students call 'digs'. The dig consisted of a living room and a closet bedroom. When one opens the door to what naturally seems to be a clothes closet, one finds a small bedroom. There are no windows in it. At night one leaves the door open and the windows in the sitting room give ventilation. Since the door is of ordinary size and it is not always possible to have the head of the bed directly opposite the door, I expected and was disappointed not to find myself smothered when I awoke each morning. This room was too small to allow room to walk around the bed. There was a shelf over the head of the bed and one over the foot. Hooks were hung on the wall for hanging clothes. The sitting room was comfortable. It contained a divan, a piano, a tea table, one lounge chair, two straight chairs, a chest of drawers, a rug which covered the floor, and a fireplace over which hung a mirror. The coal alloted for the day was brought in, in the morning. But since I was out most all of every day, I did not use all of the coal, but had I been in my room the coal would not have been enough for a comfortable fire. My friend had a gas heater in her room with a shilling meter. She could regulate the heat according to her shillings.

In Edinburgh four o'clock tea is not as popular as high tea which is served at five o'clock. High tea

is the evening meal with which tea is served. I enjoyed the change of having tea served with the evening meal. Fish is on the daily menu in Scotland. I soon learned to ask for dinner without fish, please. Sole is the fish which is usually served as it is plentiful and cheap. My landlady expressed herself naïvely it seemed to me. One Sunday morning she brought me some fruit to the bed and remarked, "I am sure you are going to have a long lie this morning." I knew I had not been untruthful so I was at a loss to interpret her statement until she said, "You ought to rest this morning if you're going to Glasgow and the Firth of Clyde tomorrow." I then nestled down and took my long lie. Glasgow and the Firth of Clyde were interesting. We took a bus ride through the slum district of Glasgow and we were interested in the Firth of Clyde because it is the berth of many ships.

The place of interest in Scotland that thrilled me beyond description was the visit to Ayr and Alloway, Scotland, the birthplace of Robert Burns. My friend and I went by charabanc as the Europeans say rather than by bus. The bus terminal is on High Street, the main street of Ayr. Ayr is a pleasant country town, combining the old and the new. The first signs that attracted my attention were the Tam o' Shanter Tea Rooms and the Tam o' Shanter Inn, the starting place of Tam on his eventful journey to his home across the Doon. This is truly Burns' country for everywhere his spirit is felt. In Ayr we were our own guides. Assisted by a guide book and a couple of histories of the Burns' country we explored at will. We spent about an hour brows-

ing around Ayr, but I was eager to see Burns' birthplace. We took a bus from Ayr to Alloway, but we were advised by the motorman to visit the monument first. We then walked from the monument to Burns' cottage only a little piece up the highway as an old inhabitant told us, but to me it seemed a rather long piece.

The Burns monument is located near the old Brig o' Doon in a beautiful garden of flowers and shrubbery. There are no signs, "Do not pick the flowers." The caretaker said that people have such a reverence for Burns that they have no desire to destroy the beauty of the place. I was more than pleased when the caretaker gave me a tiny bouquet of flowers from the gardens. I have pressed them in a book of Burns' poems. The monument rests upon a triangular base. It is a circular peristyle consisting of nine Corinthian pillars, one for each of the Muses. The whole is surrounded by a cupola, crowned by a gilt tripod, supported by three inverted dolphins. The interior of the monument is occupied by a circular apartment in which some memorials of the poet are preserved, including the Bible which Burns gave to Highland Mary. This apartment also contains a souvenir shop of a wide variety of gifts. I bought napkin rings, coin purses, book marks, paper weights, and letter openers. Many people come again and again to the monument just to stroll over the beautiful gardens and to have tea in the Banks o' Doon Tea Garden, which is located between the old and the new bridges of Doon. The tea garden had not opened when I was there. In the gardens, housed in a little house, are statues

of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. I felt very close to Burns as I walked across the Brig o' Doon. Shakespeare and Burns have made their personalities felt in their native surroundings.

Across the road from the monument is the Auld Kirk (old Church) which is in ruins, but one or two ivy-grown walls remain. In the interior of the church are buried Burns' mother and father and the poet himself. I enjoyed the beauty of the country surrounding the monument, but I was more than eager to go to Burns' cottage.

Burns' cottage was built by his father with his own hands. It is an humble clay cottage roofed with thatch, the barn adjoining the cottage. I really felt I was in another world when I entered the cottage through the one door which opened into the barn and then went on through the cow barn into the best room and then into the kitchen. In the corner of the kitchen stands the bed in which Burns was born. My appreciation for Burns' poetry increased as I viewed these humble surroundings. All guides have a gift of gab which it is useless to interrupt. The guide on the premises of Burns' home was very garrulous. He insisted that I justify my interest in Burns by reciting one of his poems. I recited "Highland Mary". He was pleased. In turn he recited, to my great delight, most charmingly many of Burns' poems. I was so very much impressed with the guide that when he conducted us to the souvenir shop which is about fifty feet from Burns' cottage again I bought far too many of Burns' souvenirs. One souvenir which I prize very highly is an ivory plaque of Burns' cottage. My visit to Scotland

was now complete. I had seen the Burns' country. One of the most cherished souvenirs from Scotland is a plaid robe in the colors of the MacGregor clan which I had monogrammed at a convent. A football game is very enjoyable now on a crisp day wrapped in my red plaid robe.

I was compelled to leave Edinburgh at the end of the ten days for I had bought my ticket before leaving London for the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, which always takes place the Monday after Easter. I did not wish to miss this great English classic, so I willingly turned my back on Scotland.

The boat on which I had made reservations was to be stationed at the finish of the race. The boat went down the Thames River from London for about an hour's journey. Then it was moored along with numerous other boats. I witnessed Cambridge's thirteenth consecutive victory. I have never been as cold in my life as I was while watching the boat race. The wind blew a gale. In spite of the fact that I had on a wool twin sweater suit, a heavy double-breasted chinchilla coat, an oilskin raincoat to break the wind, wool gloves, wool scarf, wool tam, and galoshes, I felt that I was about to freeze to death. Even the cups of tea that I drank did not thaw me out. Upon my return to College Hall I soon thawed out, for the next day I was to leave for Germany, Holland, and Belgium to spend the remainder of the Easter vacation.

CHAPTER XI

GERMANY

The Cook Travel Agency planned my trip to Germany, Belgium, and Holland, as well as to Paris which I visited at a later date. The Cook Tours are all-expense tours, the tips being taken care of in the charges that one pays the agency. There are several sea routes that one can take from England to the continent. I went by way of Dover to Ostend, Belgium and then by train to Cologne, Germany. At London I boarded the boat train for Dover. The boat train carries only those passengers who have booked passage on the boat. There were many parties of students as this was the spring vacation. It is pleasant being a member of a party or traveling as a guest of a tourist agency, for you have no travel worries. The group with whom I left London was going to the Black Forest of Germany with a guide. I separated from the group at Ostend. The Cook Agent placed me on the train and at Cologne, my first stop, I was met by the Cook Agent there and taken to the hotel. There are two attractions in Cologne—the Dom Cathedral and eau-de-Cologne. Cologne, Germany is the home of this toilet fragrance. The Dom Cathedral is in a densely populated section of the city surrounded by hotels, the Bahnhof Railway Station, and places of business. Life seems to radiate from the Dom.

The altar of the Dom Cathedral is impressively beautiful as I recall some of the statues in gold. One can buy eau-de-Cologne everywhere in Cologne. I bought a small bottle for about fifty cents from a street vendor. It rained in sheets the two days I spent in Cologne, and the weather was cold. I had to postpone a steamer trip up the Rhine River, for the weather was too unpleasant to make the trip enjoyable. During this Easter vacation a party of English school boys was caught in a blizzard in the Black Forest of Germany and several perished. This sad experience caused the English school authorities to demand that at least two chaperons or adults accompany all parties of school children. In Cologne I saw the Hohenzollern Bridge which was the great feat of the German people during the World War, for this bridge was built in nine months as it was needed for the rapid transportation of troops. I was tired of tramping around in the rain, therefore I did not mind leaving Cologne.

I must have strained my eyes trying to see too much of the world in a few days, for on the train all the way from Cologne to Berlin my eyes ran water and smarted. I bathed them, I tried to close them, several obliging Germans tried to find a cinder in them. It was a very red-eyed visitor that the Cook Agent met in Berlin. I stopped at a pension hotel. A pension hotel is one where meals are served at a definite hour, and persons are expected to be present at that hour, no deductions being made for meals not taken. This hotel was in the vicinity of Kurfürstendamm, a very fashionable neighborhood. The German women whom I saw along Kur-

fürstendamm were snappily dressed and very attractive looking. Heretofore I had associated the word "chic" with the French women only. There was a gaiety and light-heartedness about the men and women as they strolled up and down the avenues, frequented the sidewalk cafés, or lolled on benches along the parkway.

Berlin is one of the cleanest cities I visited. It looked as though the Gold Dust Twins had given it a vigorous scrubbing. There was no litter on the streets, buses, or cars. The people seemed very cordial and eager to make a good impression upon visitors. I do not speak German, but I had the interesting experience of attending a German cinema. The picture was "Queen Victoria." By the facial expressions and the actions of the characters I was able to understand the picture.

Sightseeing is not tiring in Berlin, for most of the places that one wishes to visit are along the famous avenue, Unter den Linden. Unter den Linden is the avenue of parades, the route that victorious armies took in their triumphant return to Berlin. It is the Main Street of Berlin. It was my whole impression of Berlin before I visited it. The world-famous lime trees had been uprooted when I was in Berlin, for the street was being widened to accommodate the vast throngs of visitors expected at the Olympic games that summer. One usually begins his tour of Unter den Linden at the east end of the avenue at the Brandenburger Tor or East Gate. Going down Unter den Linden one may choose the places which he wishes to enter. I visited the palace of Emperor William I which is built directly on the street.

The most interesting spot in the palace is the corner window on the ground floor where the Emperor stood and watched the changing of his handsome guard, but now the white curtains are always drawn over this window. The presence of this great soldier is felt even now in this room. Proceeding down the street I stopped in the former palace of the Kaiser. I saw his study from which he directed the World War. I saw the historic balcony from which he officially announced the World War to the German people. There are numerous museums in Berlin, but museums are practically all alike everywhere; however I did appreciate the rare paintings I saw on an upper floor of the Kaiser-Frederich Museum. I do not remember much of the tour of Charlottenburg Palace other than there was the palace guide who spoke in German and then there was the party guide who translated the speech of the palace guide into English. I do know that I walked miles and miles in the palace and saw some marvelous treasures.

I spent almost all of one day in Berlin's famous zoological gardens, the Tiergarten, reputed to be one of the finest gardens in the world. I had this interesting experience while there. First I shall say that one has to search about to find roasted peanuts in Europe. I bought a bag of peanuts in the Tiergarten to feed to the bears and elephants, but I attempted to sample one to see if it was roasted. A rather stout German man ran to me and took the peanut out of my hand, gesturing and pointing to the bears with the peanut. I was thoroughly embarrassed, but I nodded my head to show that I

thanked him. As far as it is possible the animals in the Tiergarten are in surroundings like their native habitats. I prefer my animals in cages. One of the sightseers at the monkeys' grove dropped her purse into their den. The caretaker had difficulty restoring it to her, for the monkeys ran up on the hill and passed the purse from one to another. Finally after much coaxing the purse was given to the caretaker.

Two other points of interest in the gardens were the aquarium and the planetarium. I arrived at the gardens early one morning, but hundreds of people were already roaming about. I cannot think of any park that is more inviting and interesting than the Tiergarten. Since so many people spend hours in the gardens there are numerous stands within the gardens. The garden restaurant is supposed to accommodate about twenty thousand people.

Germany is a military country. Everywhere I went I saw men in military uniforms saluting one another. The men have superb military bearing. I went out to Tempelhof, the Berlin flying field. Truly Germany is air-minded. While in Berlin I saw Hitler's Black Shirts on duty at his town residence. In a small open building looking out on Unter den Linden I visited the grave of the unknown German soldier. A perpetual flame burns over the grave and guards are stationed on twenty-four hour duty.

I made two shopping or souvenir hunting trips downtown by myself. The hostess at the hotel who spoke English explained to me the directions and gave me on a piece of paper the name of the street

where I was to get off the bus downtown and the name of the souvenir shop. I gave the conductor this paper. When I arrived at my corner he helped me off the bus, pointed to the direction I was to take and held up two fingers for the number of blocks that I was to walk in that direction. The persons who looked on were amused. So was I. I developed a sense of humor in Europe. Among the many bus rides I took, I especially enjoyed the trip to Potsdam, the former summer palace of the Kaiser. One is truly forced to shuffle through this palace. At the entrance one is compelled to put on big felt boats or shoes over his shoes so as not to mar the beauty of the shiny, slippery floors. The door out of which the Kaiser fled to his exile in Doorn, Holland made the greatest impression upon me of all the things that I saw. The Cook guide was interesting and knew many human stories to relate about the people who at one time had ruled over the palace as well as about those people who had visited at the palace. Our own Theodore Roosevelt had been a guest at the palace.

I had to terminate my visit to Berlin long before I was ready to do so. The week passed very swiftly. I had yet to see Holland and Belgium before the close of the Easter vacation. My visit to Berlin, which had indeed been pleasant, was almost spoiled by the custom officer who asked me on the train, just before we reached the border, for the blank that had been given me as I entered the borders of Germany. I did not know that I was to keep the blank. I could not find it. For a moment I saw myself being held in the country. The officer sensed

my suspense, and in a more friendly manner told me to look carefully. Much relieved by his kind manner, I found the crumpled blank in the bottom of my bag. One of the questions on the blank asked the amount of German money I was taking into the country and then the amount I was taking out of the country, the answer to the latter question being none.

Accidentally or intentionally I brought fifty pfennings (12½¢) out of the country. I was glad to have seen Germany for myself. I was now eager to see Belgium.

CHAPTER XII

Belgium and Holland

The Cook Travel Agent met me in Brussels and took me to the hotel, which was full of holiday visitors. There were two parties of English school boys stopping at the hotel. I know now that school children are noisy the world over. I did not have a tour scheduled for the first day in Brussels as I did not arrive in Brussels until afternoon. After dinner I decided to walk out. To my dismay I lost my way. No one whom I met could direct me to the hotel as I did not have the address of the hotel in my purse. I did not see a policeman anywhere. I could have called a taxi, to be certain, but I thought that the driver might take advantage of my not knowing the address and run up a large taxi bill. I felt too that to lose my way and not to be able to find it again would take away some of the self-confidence that I had built up during this year away from home. I sat on one of the benches in the square and tried to retrace my steps. As darkness was rapidly approaching and I had begun to get afraid, I was soon able to recall certain landmarks. At last I rose and without much difficulty I found my way back to the hotel. I was glad to retire that night. The next morning I was called for in a car by the Cook Agent and taken down town where I joined a party for a bus tour of the city.

I felt much closer to the World War in Belgium than I had ever felt before. I saw the boulevards over which the enemy marched thrusting fear and terror into the hearts of the Belgiums. I heard the guide tell of the great love of the Belgian people for their great war king, King Albert. I learned of the Belgian people's sorrow over the tragic death of Queen Astrid, and of their esteem for King Leopold III. I saw the King's palace, which sets far back on a beautiful lawn. Visitors are not allowed to visit the palace. In Brussels I saw the world's largest building, the Palace of Justice or law courts. The market square which is in the center of the city proved interesting to me, for I am accustomed to the market being located in the far end of a city, and then under shelter. I can recall the beautiful bouquets of flowers for sale cheap. Flower women with flowers to sell for a few pennies a bunch are characteristic of all Europe.

In the old section of the city on a busy corner is a statue which the guide will not fail to point out to you. It is a lifesize statue of a nude little boy who was lost and never found by his parents. He has been made into a sparkling fountain in the hope that his parents may pass that way and reclaim him.

The tour of the city ended at a hand-made lace factory. I have purchased pieces of lace labelled made by hand without thinking much about whether it was hand-made lace or not. In Brussels I saw these exquisite lace patterns actually being made by hand. I marvelled at the skill of the women who could make such intricate and delicate patterns. Hand-made lace should be high if the workers are

to receive adequate pay for this exacting task which demands the best of eyesight and nerves. After the party was conducted over the factory, the proprietress, a rather beaming sort of woman, led us into the showroom where these lace patterns were on sale. All of us exclaimed upon leaving the shop that we had spent far too much money. I spent several dollars buying handkerchiefs and neckwear.

In sightseeing one has to learn to take the bitter along with the sweet. The following day I visited the battlefield of Waterloo. The guide at the battlefield had been a guide for forty years. He talked some two hours without a pause about the battle of Waterloo. The battle itself is incorrectly named, for it was not fought in Waterloo but in a village some few miles away. Wellington, the victorious English general, was stationed in Waterloo in a two-story house now painted white, and the battle was called the Battle of Waterloo for that reason. We were forced to look at a panoramic view of the battle painted on a canvas about forty feet long on the side of the wall while the guide pointed out the positions of various leaders. Following this long discourse we walked over the battlefield and ended up in a souvenir shop. I bought several paper weights with a lion on a base and Waterloo, 1815, stamped on the base. After such a battle I was glad to return to the city. The following day I had to rise early for a trip to the bulb fields of Holland.

The trip to Holland was in many ways the most captivating of all of the side trips that I made. I was thrilled by the country of dikes, of windmills, of wooden shoes, of bicycles, and of tulips. I went to

Holland in the spring when the tulips were in full bloom. The most gorgeous sight I have ever seen is that of brightly hued acres and acres of blooming tulips. Pictures can not do justice to the actual beauty of the scene. It was on a Sunday that our party visited The Hague and Amsterdam, which is called the Venice of the North. The museums were closed, but the drive over the boulevards and the outdoor sights on such a beautiful sunshiny day caused me to feel glad that I did not have to waste any time indoors.

Holland is a country of canals. Water is everywhere. I was glad to see several persons standing along the banks of the canals in wooden shoes. The ground around the canals is somewhat marshy and the ground is damp in the bulb fields, so heavy wooden shoes are needed to keep out the dampness. I saw some Dutch women and girls in their native costume. All over the country were numerous windmills. Many of the bulb fields were being tended as we passed along. Although tulips are the national flower, bulb flowers of all kinds are raised. Along the highways were numerous flower stands at which flowers were sold for a few pennies. Our bus looked like a florist shop when we began our return journey. The casual visitor to Holland looks upon the bulb fields as sources of delight, but to the Hollander the bulb field is life itself. It is his living. Most of the flowers raised in Holland are shipped out of the country.

In The Hague I saw the magnificent building in which The Hague Peace Conference was held. America gave over one-half of the money sent for

the erection of the building. To travel is to have numerous experiences. While in Holland I learned that the postage on a card depended upon the number of words written. That fact accounts for the cards I sent from Holland with only my name on them.

In Holland bicycles are the main means of transportation. It may have been in jest, but the guide said there were eight million people in the country and five million bicycles. The bicycles are not the one seat kind to which we are accustomed, but they are long affairs made to accommodate several people. My attention was attracted to a family of five on one bicycle. The bicycle was very long; positions two and four were occupied by the parents, both of whom pedaled. In front of the mother sitting in a wire basket was a very small child; in the middle between the mother and father with feet dangling was a small child holding on to the mother for dear life; and back of the father was a larger child who seemed to be enjoying the ride. America is the only country in which automobiles are a necessity.

In Holland I saw all of the things with which I had associated the country. We were a tired group of people who finally settled down in the bus for the return trip to Brussels. After another day in Brussels, which I spent for the most part souvenir hunting and window shopping, I was taken to the station by the Cook Agent and started on my return trip to London.

The vacation had been long, enjoyable, and full. I longed for the quiet of my room at College Hall.

Upon my return to the Hall I stayed in my room for two days, just going down stairs to meals. At the beginning of classes I was ready to resume my lectures. The time was passing far too swiftly. I did not want to start thinking about home so soon. I had one more delightful trip to make, to Paris, where I spent the ten days before sailing for home.

CHAPTER XIII

France

As I had no examinations to take at the close of the school term, I was able to leave the university several days before the scheduled close of the term, July 2. I found myself very busy the last couple of weeks, for along with my packing I wanted to be certain that I had seen all of the places in London and its environs that held interest for me as a student of English literature. As I had booked passage on the *Normandie* for July 10, and since I had yet to see the beauties of the gay capital of the world, Paris, I left London for Paris on July 2. The Cook Travel Agency planned my trip to Paris. There was still a sob in my throat when I reached Paris, for I had taken leave of my English friends and the members of that intimate group of ten who had been so very cordial to me and who had contributed their full share in making this the most wonderful year of my life. I decided to embark from Havre, the *Normandie's* berth.

I checked my trunk and fortnight case with the French Line Office in London relying upon them to put my luggage on board the ship when it reached Southampton. I arrived in Paris in the evening. I was met at the station by the Cook Agent who took me to a taxi. He spoke to the driver in French, but he spoke to me in English and cautioned me not

to pay the driver as I was seeing Paris on an all-expense Cook Tour.

My first impression of Paris was one of bustle and noise. The taxi drivers drove at a terrific speed and sounded their horns continuously. The Frenchmen spoke very rapidly, it seemed to me, but now was the time for my college French to function, and I was determined that it should function. The driver spoke to me very rapidly. I answered with this sentence which my French class in college used numerous times to our French professor, 'Parlez-plus lentement s'il vous plait.' (Speak more slowly if you please.) He did. I answered even more slowly. The hotel to which the driver took me was not in a very desirable location, so I thought, but it was conveniently located, for I was in walking distance of the Louvre and the Opera House, two places of interest for all visitors to Paris. The proprietress of the hotel was a very pleasant, but an unusually large and tall French woman, who spoke both French and English. My room was an inside room on the third floor, opening upon an inner court. I retired to my room immediately after dinner, for the Cook Agent had told me to be ready at nine o'clock the following morning for a bus tour of the city.

I had finished my breakfast of rolls, butter and preserves, and coffee and I was sitting in the lobby when the bus arrived. Breakfast everywhere on the continent is the same. The English and American people are the only people who begin the day with a heavy breakfast and then the Americans more so than the English. Paris had always meant to me

the Champs-Elysées, the Opera House, Nôtre Dame Cathedral, and the Grand Boulevards. The guide who conducted this tour asked us not to form an impression of Paris until we reached the vantage point at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées and stood with our backs toward the Arc de Triomphe. Once you see Paris first from this vantage point, you will want to return to it again and again. The Arc de Triomphe was erected in memory of Napoleon's victorious armies. The view down the Champs-Elysées from this point is magnificent, for down this long avenue are gorgeous flower gardens which were all in bloom when I was there, palatial houses surrounded by flowering gardens and shrubbery, and along the parkway inviting tea tables and chairs. Paris' grand boulevards must be ranked among the loveliest places on earth. They far excel anything I have ever seen in beauty.

I was eager for my first free day in Paris, so I could stroll leisurely down this boulevard and realize that it was really I who was in this paradise of beauty. Another delightful drive was through the Bois-de-Boulogne, and again a spot of beauty was created there. A love for the parks and boulevards seems to be inherent with most Europeans, for on beautiful days all the world seems to be outdoors. The Gardens of Tuileries and Luxembourg must be included among the beautiful spots in Paris. The Luxembourg Gardens are often referred to as a family park, for there mother, father, and children come to spend hours together amidst the sunken gardens, sparkling fountains, and long tree-lined avenues. Paris does not disappoint the visitor who

comes to see her Grand Boulevards and her beautiful gardens. While in Europe I too had an urge to go to the parks to allow my inner self to expand. I recall one especially balmy day in London when the bulbs in the park were all in full bloom that an estimated two hundred thousand people visited the parks in a single day, Queen Mary being included in that number.

I felt very proud of my country when we drove down the Avenue du President Wilson and when I saw an equestrian statue of George Washington on one of the boulevards. This statue had been given by the women of the United States "in memory of the friendship and assistance given their fathers by France during the war for independence." When one is away from home any kind of a reminder of home is welcome. The stars and stripes thrilled me whenever I saw them in a foreign country.

Paris was in a holiday mood when I was there, for it was getting ready to celebrate Bastille Day, July 14. Street dancing takes place all over Paris on that day, but it is most heartily entered into on the site of the Old Bastille. The tour of the city on this first day ended with a drive along the Seine river and the crossing of some of these thirty-one bridges that span the river, if I do not misquote the guide. One hears so many facts and figures when travelling. I learned that it is important to know when to say a thing was participated in on the left or right bank of the river.

One is reminded of the World War in France, for there are so many blind men on the streets who were soldiers. They carry black and white canes

so motorists can be careful and pedestrians can be helpful by assisting them to cross the street. The last war has left its mark on all the nations that participated in it. It does not seem possible to me that the lesson taught could be soon forgot. The priceless treasures that the nations possess, the people of each country who seem to want to enjoy life, and the presence of those who are sufferers of the last war should make war a thing remote for all the nations of the world.

Three articles that most visitors purchase while in Paris are gloves, feathers, and perfume. I could not resist buying a pair of white French kid gloves, and a bottle of Chanel Parfum, No. 5. After I had made my purchases in French, the clerk smiled and started talking to me in English. He said had I known that he spoke English I would not have spoken French. The week that I was in France I spoke very little English.

I had a different feeling as I approached Nôtre Dame Cathedral from that which I had upon entering all the other cathedrals that I visited. Nôtre Dame seemed real to me, doubtless because I had read Victor Hugo's *Nôtre Dame de Paris* and I had seen Lon Chaney in the motion picture, *The Hunchback of Nôtre Dame.* While in the cathedral I thought more of the people whose lives had been interwoven with the cathedral than I did about the architectural beauty of the cathedral. The privilege of holding a funeral in Nôtre Dame is not confined to any one class of persons. With the Frenchman death makes all men equal. The cathedral possesses some marvelous stained glass windows. The Rose

Window is pointed out as the most beautiful of them all.

There is something depressing about a prison even if it is one that has lost much of its significance. I did not enjoy the tour of the Conciergerie or former prison where Marie Antoinette was held prisoner for over a year. I saw the stairway by which she is said to have ascended to her trial and descended from it. I saw her last cell. Since my return home I have read two biographies of Marie Antoinette.

I did not have the feeling toward the Louvre that so many visitors have according to the guide who said most visitors resign themselves to visiting the Louvre for it was expected of them. I was interested in two works of art only, the statue of Venus de Milo, and the portrait of the Mona Lisa. The Church of the Invalides is important because under a vast dome near the entrance in a circular crypt one sees Napoleon's tomb. The long, broad esplanade which leads up to the entrance of the church is beautifully laid out and it affords one ample opportunity to reflect upon the personality of such a man as Napoleon. Notwithstanding the beauty of the grand boulevards and the gardens, Versailles, the palace built by Louis XIV rivals them in beauty and may excel them. My trip to Versailles took place on a day when the flashing fountains were all turned on. This was a magnificent sight. Henry Van Dyke has well said,

"I like the gardens of Versailles with
flashing fountains filled;"

Versailles is outstanding not only because of its beauty, but because it represents the height of extravagance indulged in by a monarch, who had no feeling at all for his subjects whom he bled to satisfy his every whim. According to the guide one thousand servants were on duty in the palace at one time. We like to remember Versailles today for it is the home of the Versailles Treaty which the powers of the world signed in 1919 in the magnificent Salon de la Guerre (Hall of War). We peeped into this history-making room.

And now a few facts about Paris as a whole. Many of the streets are narrow, dark, and not very tidy. In old Paris, as in old sections of all cities, there is a heaviness and gloom that seems to have settled over everything. The French women as a whole do not have that chic which they are able to create for others, but one must remember that the creation of styles for the world is a vocation with the French people, and they may create for others those things which they cannot afford to buy for themselves. I remember remarking about the number of women whom one saw on the streets in black, but I was told that French women wear a great deal of black because it is economical. It is freshened up by wearing dainty collars and cuffs.

The sidewalk cafés were numerous and they were inhabited by people who seemed to be in all stages of prosperity or lack of it. Some of the cafés were of course very elegant and others were just cafés. It was a very common sight to see people going from the bakery shop with a long loaf of unwrapped bread under their arms. The Latin Quarter in it-

self did not appeal to me, but I saw it because it is one of the sections of Paris that has helped to make it world famous. The students of both art and literature have walked its streets not knowing where the next franc would come from, but according to the guide students either have more money now or are not as anxious to succeed when the odds are against them as they used to be.

I liked Paris. I saw there all that I had come to see, but if I had to choose a European city in which to make my home I would choose London, not alone for the common bond of language but because London is more in keeping with my personality. I went, I saw, I liked Europe, but I had been away from family and friends for a long time, and I longed for the sight of home, and the eagle, and the stars and stripes forever.

CHAPTER XIV

Home Again

I went down to the French line office two days before I was to sail and made reservations on the boat train which took the boat passengers from Paris to Havre, the port of embarkation. There were no farewells to say in Paris. I appreciated more than ever the friendships that I had formed in London. I was awakened early the morning of my departure. I did not forego my breakfast as I did the morning that I left New York. I felt for a certainty now that I would not become seasick. The hotel proprietress called a taxi for me, and again I was dashed through the streets at a terrific speed. The French taxi driver expects his tip too. I gave a generous tip of two francs as I was happy to be safely at the station. The boat train was crowded when I arrived, but it looked more like a baggage car. There were parcels of all descriptions, luggage, and coats piled everywhere. Amidst farewells and handshakes the train pulled out and everyone settled down for the three hour ride to Havre, but a few restless passengers were pulling through bags to be certain that they had not forgot any of their belongings.

There was the usual rush at the pier for porters and luggage, but I tried to remain calm so as to

stamp indelibly upon my mind the close of a most wonderful year. I felt at home on the *Normandie* because I had made the trip to Europe on it. I did not have the same cabin, but I was served by several of the same persons who had served me before. Again I was delighted with the excellence of the French food, but I did not partake of it quite as heartily as I did on the trip to Europe, for I did not want my friends to exclaim, "You look well, but you are much fatter than you were when you left home." The president of College Hall sent a very touching remembrance to me in a letter that awaited me at Southampton where the *Normandie* picked up its boat passengers from England. This thoughtful remembrance meant very much to me, for it made me feel that I had formed a worthwhile friendship in my year away from home. I felt relieved when the porter brought my fortnight bag into my cabin and I knew that my trunk was in the storage room. The voyage was very pleasant and although it was mid July, the days were cool enough for one to enjoy being tucked up in his steamer robe. But alas, the morning that we were to arrive in New York, a heat wave came out to the ship. Everybody was most uncomfortable and steamer rugs were forgot as everyone began to mop his brow. Newspapers were brought out to the ship and in large headlines was the announcement of the heat wave that was sweeping the country.

The big thrill of the return journey came when the Statue of Liberty was sighted. The Statue of Liberty is a very welcome sight to the American who has been away from home, for it symbolizes all that

America has to offer her citizens. Before we arrived in the harbor of New York City we were exposed to the routine of the immigration officers and the health inspectors. The American citizens were placed in a separate line from the other passengers. For them the inspection was a mere matter of routine. I could sympathize with the foreigners who were coming into the country, for I felt as many of them were feeling when I had to pass the immigration officers in their countries. It is a good feeling to belong to the group that is in power.

I was not expecting anyone to welcome me on my return, but a friend of mine surprised me at the pier. I was so very happy to see her that I could hardly wait to take my baggage through the customs. I did not have any duty to pay, for I had bought mostly books and cards, and besides everyone is allowed to bring into the country one hundred dollars worth of foreign goods duty free. I arrived in New York happy but penniless. Immediately upon my arrival I sent a telegram home, but I remained in New York for a week. I appreciated very much the railway ticket that my father sent me. Upon my arrival at home on July 24 I was met at the station by my family and a few friends. I was so very excited and glad to get home that I forgot to claim my trunk. There was an excess baggage charge of twelve dollars on it. As I did not have the twelve dollars my family declared that was the reason for my forgetting it, but they were so very eager to see the souvenirs that I had brought them, they willingly paid the charges on the trunk.

The year I spent abroad was truly the most wonderful year of my life, my castles in Spain come true. For Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority I shall always have the deepest regard and affection. It was she who gave me My Wonderful Year.

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